Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 11, 1961 / 25¢

Desegregation

WILL IT WORK?

YES: WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, Jr.

NO: WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, Jr.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

The Autumn in Rev

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HUDDEE HERRICK
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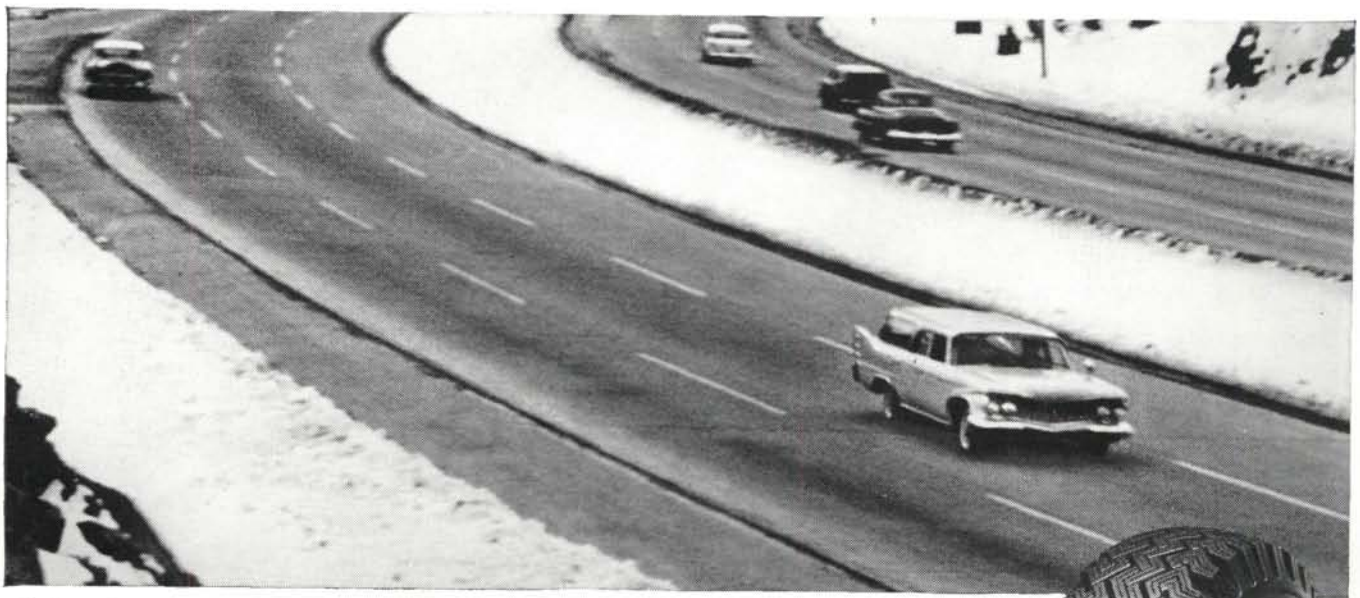

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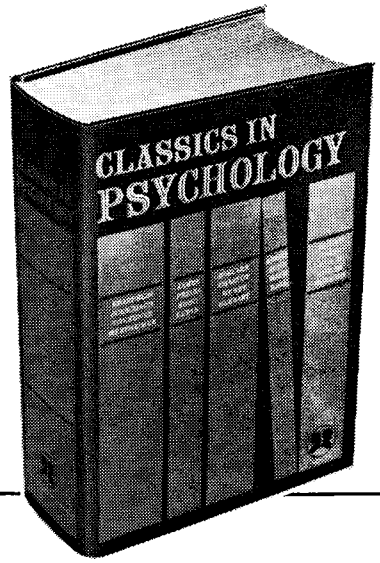

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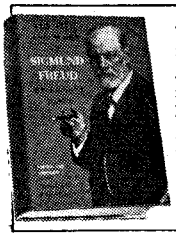

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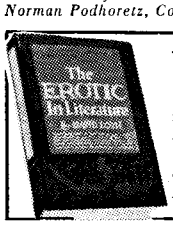

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Cover design by Pageant Studio

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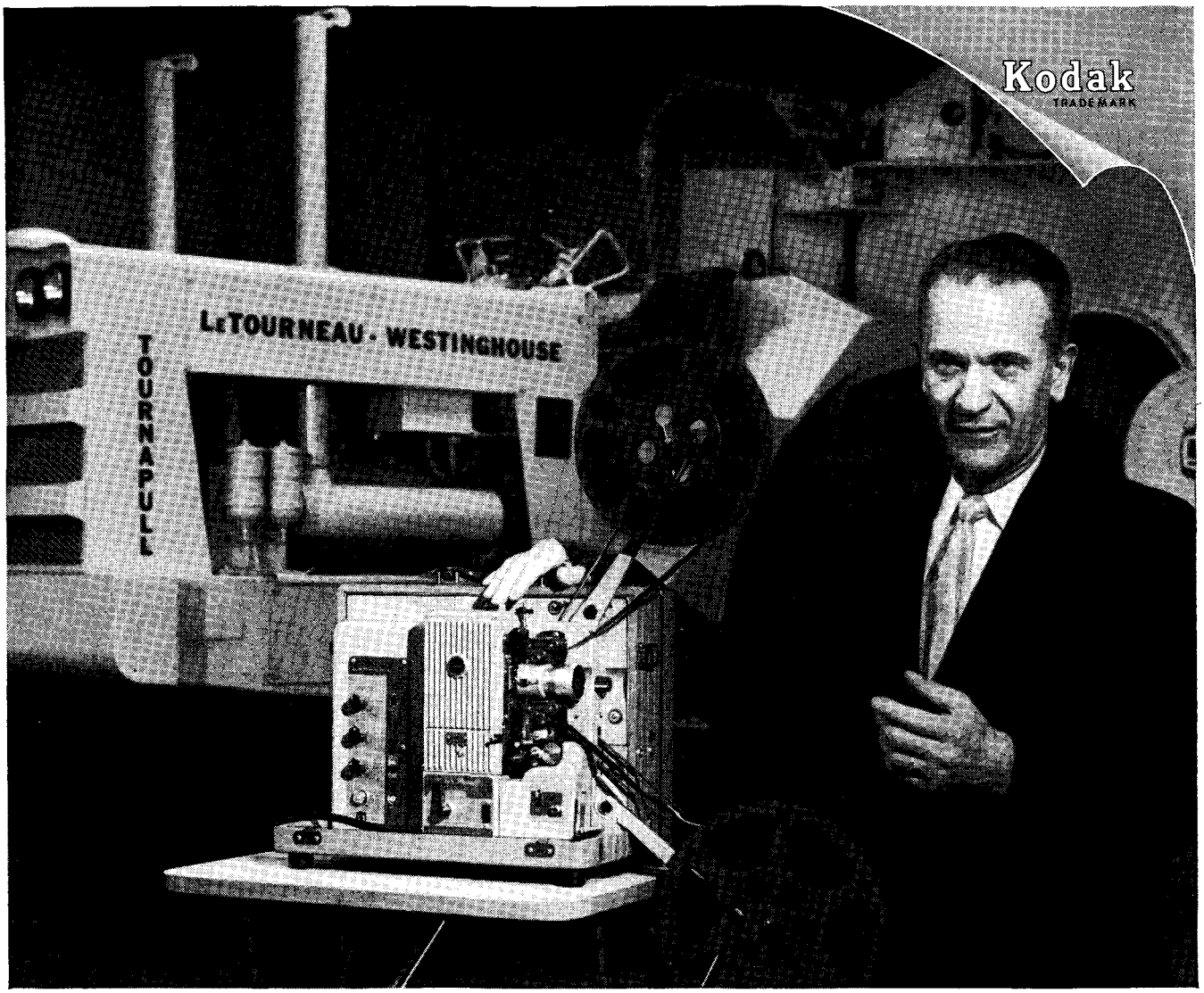

"We can show prospects MORE with movies than in a live demonstration"

Says L. A. DePolis, Vice President in charge of Marketing, LeTourneau-Westinghouse Company.

"We solve two major selling problems with Kodak Pageant Projectors like this one. One is the problem of showing our equipment, which weighs as much as 38 tons, to as many prospects as possible. The other is the problem of making maximum use of every minute spent with the prospect.

"For example, surveys show that the average salesman spends only 61 minutes per year with each identified buying influence. As our earth-moving equipment becomes more and more complex, it becomes increasingly important to make those minutes count! Instead of our salesman using his time to bring the prospect to the machine, or spending a lot of money to bring the machine to him, we do the job better with our kit of 11 sales films.

"We had definite reasons for choosing Kodak Pageant Projectors to do these jobs for us. First, we needed a rugged projector—one that wouldn't break down on an executive after he had taken it halfway across the country. We bought Pageant Projectors because we thought they were the most rugged and dependable, yet quiet. We wanted a projector that wouldn't startle a conference group when it was turned on.

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Your Kodak Audio-Visual Dealer will demonstrate these and other Kodak Pageant Projector advantages to you. Or write us for Bulletin V3-65, which describes the new Kodak Pageant AV-126-TR, with its all-transistorized amplifier for instant sound start-up and maintenance-free sound system.

Kodak Pageant Projector 〉 **EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,** Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

NO MAN is an island, but many people today act as if they'd like to be.

You know some of them — the cynic, the do-nothing, the passive protector of the status quo. They're citizens in name only; barnacles on the ship of state.

Such people have been around since long before John Donne, and they'll no doubt be around to say "I told you so" when the bang or the whimper comes. But today, it seems to us, America can't afford many of these would-be islands.

For two years now, in a series of ads in this magazine and others, we've been identifying such persons as the Troublemaker (*"He is the apostle of social decay, not democracy."*) and the Cynic (*"You can tell him by his favorite food — sour grapes."*) and the Status Quo Seeker (*"Let well enough alone!"*) Our aim has been not so much to point an accusing finger as to point out the great need for *active* citizenship, for thoughtful, informed participation at each individual's level. We've been trying to connect some of the island types to the mainland — or at least to a promontory.

Response to the ad series has been gratifying, but a few persons have asked us what such ads have to do with the insurance business. Our answer is, everything. There'd soon be nothing left to insure if everyone abdicated his responsibility to face issues and find solutions to problems.

We believe it isn't possible for a democracy to remain a democracy if a majority of its citizens stay home every night and watch TV. There's work to be done, and the only way to do it is to come out and talk to people, reach some conclusions, see that our views are heard.

No man can stand alone for long. Even a hermit has to leave the woods now and then to buy salt or the Readers Digest. If we're interdependent in the day-to-day matters of buying and selling, giving and getting, aren't we also dependent on one another for the ideas and decisions affecting the way we live — and whether we continue to live?

Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

America's most progressive insurance organization

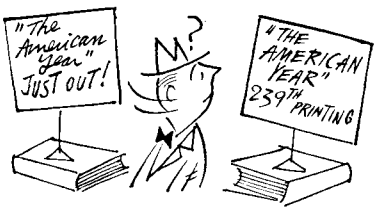
TRADE Winds

WELL, REALLY, all I asked was the source of the quotation—"There is a river"—and 144 people wrote me. Thirty-three of them sent postcards and the rest went to the trouble of obtaining envelopes and four-cent stamps. Not only that, but a New York University professor of English literature, Mildred Marcett, stopped me on the street and admonished me about my ignorance of the Bible. It's the 46th Psalm, of course. ("There is a river, the streams of which shall make glad the city of God. . . .") In fact, when I handed in my copy for the October 14 TRADE WINDS, even the *SR* editors answered my question, but decided to let it ride to see how much on the ball you people are.

A couple of folks who apparently ran to their Bartlett's instead of their Concordance insisted that the quote is from Shakespeare. Two Southerners, even further out of step, reported separately that "there is a river" comes from (1) Matthew Fontaine Maury's book on the Gulf Stream and (2) a book by the Honorable Zeb Vance, wartime Governor of North Carolina. (You know *which* war.) H. H. MacDavid kidded, "A generation ago you would have ruined the magazine with such a question, and this by no means indicates that we have moved in the right direction in our time." I don't know; fifth-grader Ben Ginsberg of Merion, Pennsylvania, was one of those to straighten us out. He's moving in the right direction.

To show how dumb I am, I thought the quotation was from Henry Hudson.

AS FOR THE MATTER of two books having the same title, of which "There Is a River" is an example, Mrs. Porter S. Lucas says that "The Turquoise," by



Anya Seton, and "The Judas Tree," by A. J. Cronin, are both duplicates of earlier titles. Katharine McDonald owns two books called "The Walls Came Tumbling Down," 1947 Harcourt and 1957 Viking. Professor of Linguistics J. Maurice Hohlfeld of the Hartford Seminary Foundation has two books entitled "Words and Things" on his shelves. One is a 1958 Free Press of Glencoe, Illinois, and the other came out in 1959 by Beacon Press, Boston. (The contents don't overlap at all, showing how little you can tell from a title.)

Hal Borland indignantly points out that Putnam's is about to publish "The American Year" while his own "An American Year" is still in print (Simon and Schuster). He wants to know why he can't go to court! Well, Morris L. Ernst, who's pretty hep in the legal game, calls *his* experience an "amusing incident." His ten-year-old "The First Freedom" is still in print and yet the American Library Association got out a book with the same title. If a lawyer thinks it's funny, then I guess, Hal, you'll have to manage a weak smile and let it go at that. After all, different books called "The Murderers" have been brought out this fall by two different publishers and they don't know who's to blame. I imagine the butler did it.

FROM THE TWIN CITIES comes an anonymous list of malapropisms detected in the speech of a man in the advertising business, as well he ought to be. What slogans he could write! Here are some of his unintentional phrases:

"Chafing at the dish."

"Dropped it like a ten-foot pole."

"Get on your bicycles and run like hell."

"He's just an ignorant ramus."

"Let's not downgrade this up."

"There's a dirge of good music on the radio."

ANENT ADVERTISING, it has taken a turn toward arithmetical commercials. I've kept track of the importance of numbers in the manufacture of certain products. We know full well that there are 43 beans in every cup, and we are now learning that 21 great tobaccos make 20 wonderful smokes. Now, all of a sudden, there are 39 drops of golden liquid corn oil in every pound of margarine, and there are 36 more pats per pound and 12 less calories per pat in something else I can't recall. And, believe it or not, there are 8 great tomatoes in that little bitty can. Can of what? Tomato paste, naturally.

I WANT TO clear up something. "Poetry for Pleasure—The Hallmark Book of Poetry" is not a collection of greeting card verse. Rather, it is a most unusual anthology of poetry, old and new,

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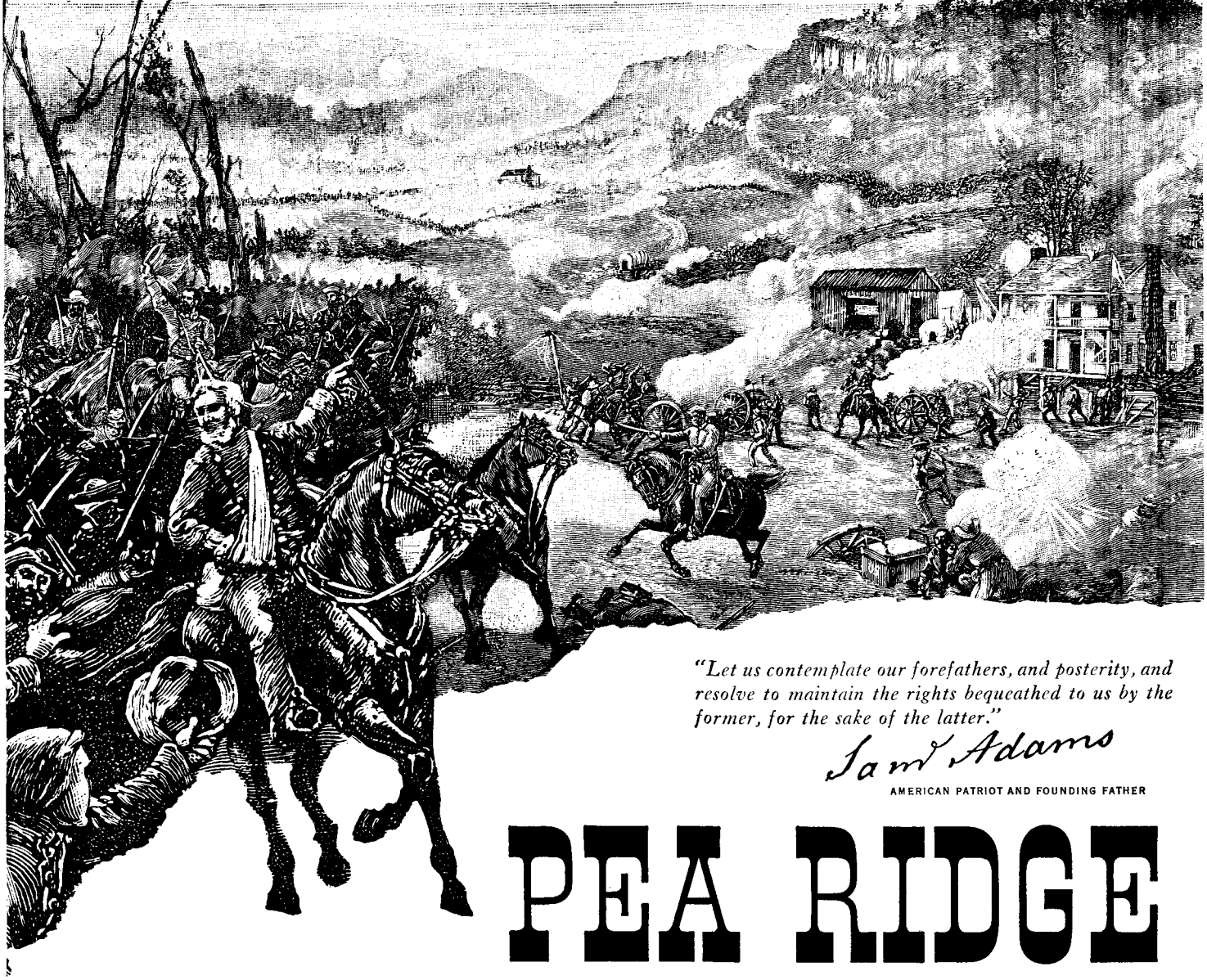

"Let us contemplate our forefathers, and posterity, and resolve to maintain the rights bequeathed to us by the former, for the sake of the latter."

Sam'l Adams

AMERICAN PATRIOT AND FOUNDING FATHER

PEA RIDGE

The Civil War battle with cowboys, Indians and "Wild Bill" Hickok, too

The Ozarks, beginning in Arkansas and running northeasterly into Missouri, are a wonderful blend of scenery, history, and mountain folklore. You'll find all three on Pea Ridge Battlefield. The scenery is unequalled in any National Military Park. The history? *Here a Federal victory saved Missouri for the Union.* And the folklore tells of "Wild Bill" Hickok, Wild West cowboys and Indians, and tales of valor you won't believe until a Park historian shows you where it all happened.

"Wild Bill" fought at Pea Ridge as a Union scout, shooting from the hip. Choctaw, Chickasaw, Seminole, Creek and Cherokee Indians went on the warpath for the South, their warwhoops matching the rebel yells of Texas cowboys enlisted as cavalry men.

In the little clearing just below the "covered wagon" in our illustration, twenty-two devil-may-care Confederate horsemen charged an entire regiment of infantry, captured their flag, and chased them into the woods. Along Little Sugar Creek, you can walk in the original trenches, after one hundred years still as deeply etched in our land as the battle is fixed in our history.

Pea Ridge Battlefield in Arkansas is being restored by our National Park Service. You'll enjoy being there on next May 7 when it will be formally dedicated. The pomp and ceremony you'll see would perhaps seem needless "foofaraw" to the rawboned frontiersmen who fought here. *But today's Americans will understand, and be grateful for this timely reminder of our heroic past.* And, as old Sam Adams hoped, they will more firmly resolve to maintain our American heritage in this world of angry dissension.

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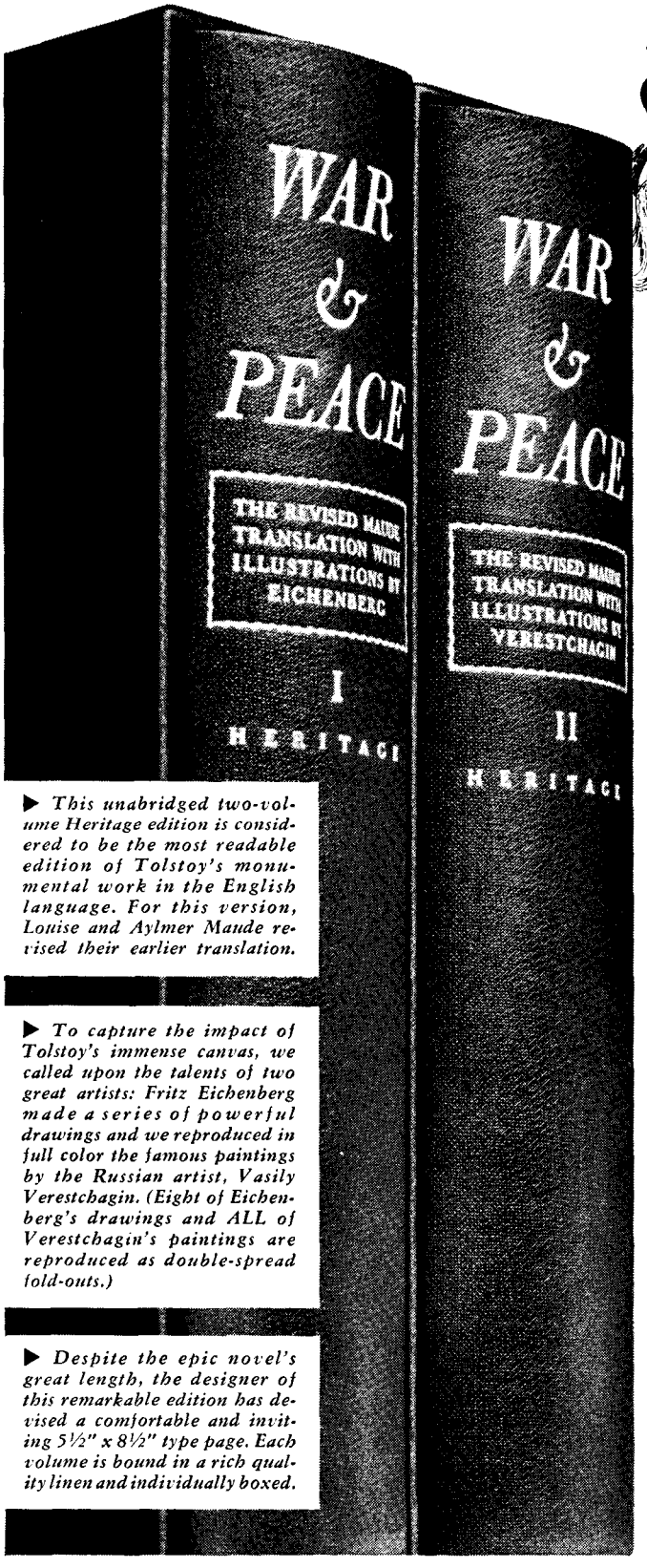

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES by Charles Dickens; with color drawings by the world-renowned artist, René ben Sussan.

IF YOU PREFER substitutions, in the Club's Prospectus (a copy is mailed when the first three volumes are shipped) is a list of two dozen in-print books, including: *Quo Vadis?, The Deerslayer, The Three Musketeers . . .*

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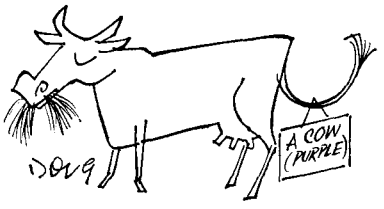
sponsored by the Hallmark people but that's all. Doubleday has brought out a second edition, not the least of which is the exceedingly readable introduction by Webster Schott. Quoting one selection from the book doesn't give much of an idea of what's in it, but for what it's worth here is a Gelett Burgess verse:

Ah, yes, I wrote "The Purple Cow"—
I'm sorry, now, I wrote it!
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'll kill you if you quote it!



TWO LADY FRIENDS of mine, one nineteen and one thirty-eight, who read novels for me and tell me what to say, report that Morley Callaghan's "A Passion in Rome" (Coward) was "good," but that they wondered what the hero saw in the heroine. "She made me mad," one said. Well, maybe Callaghan goes for these pathetic, bewildered dames; as I recall, he had one in "The Loved and the Lost."

Morley sits up there in Toronto, making a great reputation for himself, while Americans ask, "Whatever happened to Morley Callaghan?" Strange, because ever since he and Hemingway read each other's manuscripts and criticised them in Paris in the Twenties, Callaghan has been a most successful novelist, with a following in, at least, Canada and England. He is philosophical about it, saying to me the other day when he came to New York on publication date of "A Passion in Rome":

"The whole damned trouble with anything I write is that it seems easier for people reading it to look thoughtful and say nothing."

—Jerome M. Beatty.

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Oliver Statler:

JAPANESE INN

Miho's beach, south of Fuji*, so entranced an angel that she came down from the sky for a swim, leaving her feathered robe on a branch of windbent pine. A fisherman refused to give it up until the angel danced for him. Fortunately, the heavens provided music.

* Three words inserted to get the J.

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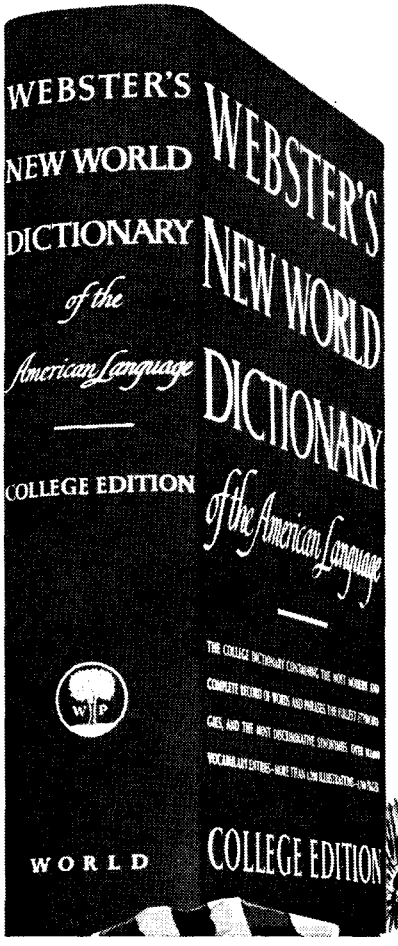

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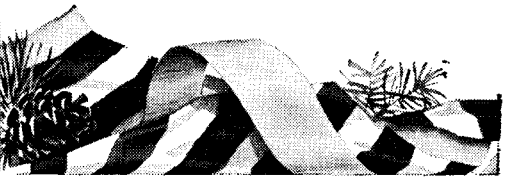

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Facts and Figures

Edited by Martin Levin

HOSPITAL JARGON

A thief assaulted Bernard Brown,
Beat him, robbed him, knocked him down.
Bruised and battered, badly shaken,
To the hospital he was taken.
There they set his broken bones,
Tried to moderate his moans;
Next day, bandaged and in bed,
He, in the morning paper, read:
"Mr. Bernard Brown's condition
Satisfactory on admission."
And he howled, "To whom?—Physician?
To the nurse? X ray technician?
To the thug who went scot-free?
Sure!—To everyone but *me!*"

—Sister Moira, S.C.N.

• • •

METRECAL, POLITICS, AND RELIGION

METRECAL, the chemical food which has only 300 calories, has hit the country and our diet-conscious populace with a bang. Along with silence, Americans are deathly afraid of sugar, and I believe this fear of sugar can have consequences far beyond diet. For example—where does this leave our politicians, particularly the fellows in New York? The moment after a man has been nominated for Mayor or Governor he has himself photographed eating either blintzes on Delancey Street or chitterlings in Harlem. What would such a fellow do with Metrecal? When Nelson Rockefeller was photographed eating those cheese blintzes on the Lower East Side of New York, his election was in the bag. His Democratic opponent, Governor Harriman, tried to recoup a day later by being seen in a kosher restaurant, but the skinny Harriman did not look convincing merely sitting at a table which was literally swaying under the weight of the food in front of him.

And once everyone gets thin and stays thin, what will happen to religion?

The entire Judaic-Christian civilization is based on food, from the Passover feast—which was also the Last Supper—to meatless Fridays, and gefilte fish, to say nothing of Thanksgiving Day celebrations and the traditional Christmas dinner.

It is not hard to imagine that had we Metrecal and the vitamin foods 3,000 years ago, there would have been no religion, no religion at all. Could the Greeks really have revered a Jupiter who drank Metrecal instead of ambrosia? Could Moses have established a dietary code based on pills and chemicals, a dietary code, by the way, so powerful that it grants identity to even the shrimp-eaters among the fellowship? And how could there be a Yom Kippur, or an Ember Day, or any fast day if we took only pills and chemicals on all other days?

Fasting has meaning only when you have been eating—big.

—Harry Golden.

• • •

YOUR BELIEFS ARE SHAKING

IF everyone will please stand back, I'd like to explode a few myths.

It is not true, as psychologists claim, that young children have no sense of "time," live only in the present, and don't understand the concept of "tomorrow." This silly notion arose in the thirties as the result of a typographical error at the Yale University Press. What was originally meant was that young children do not understand *Time*. It is strange that neither Mr. Henry B. Luce nor his attractive wife, Clara (Kimball) Booth, has ever come forth to deny this.

It is not true that "chamber music is the musician's music." All the serious musicians I know prefer player piano rolls. Scratch a violist and you will find a player piano lover, devoted to word rolls like "Dardanella," "When Uncle Joe Steps Into France," "Whispering Hope," and other perforated pleasures. Scratch a player piano and you will find an unsightly piece of furniture.

It is not true that "hard" water is the result of the introduction of minerals. We had plenty of hard water around in the Early Days, long before minerals were ever introduced. Hard water is just what the term implies; i.e., water that is difficult to penetrate. I hope it is not necessary for us to argue about this.

It is not true that sherry used to be aged by shipping it around the world. Mischievous Spanish sailors created this whimsical myth out of leftover sail-

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cloth, to amuse tourists. Sherry, as its name implies, is a by-product in the manufacture of wine, and should never be carried about. In Olden Times sherry was called *Jerez,* and was bottled only at night. Our modern spelling, *sherry,* is a corruption of the Greek *charisma* (gift) and was first used by Edgar Allan Poe as retaliation against the commandant at West Point, from which he had just been expelled.

It is not true that white clothing repels heat. The reason people in tropical countries wear so much white is that *they* know what is attractive. Surveys tell us that the only garments affecting body temperature are electric blankets, and they are rarely worn, even in cold climates, because of their trailing cords, regarded, and rightly so, as ostentatious. The truth about electric blankets probably lies somewhere in between.

It is not true that considerable portions of the earth's surface are unexplored. Otherwise, why should we keep running into people who've "been everywhere and done everything?" When people brag of seeing "hitherto unexplored" jungles, etc., they are just kidding. Many of us poke around into wild places and never mention it, for the simple reason that it is nobody else's business. Let's see a little common sense here, after all.

It is not true that as we get older we get farsighted. What happens is that the retina, with age, becomes partially disconnected, with resultant electro-neural failure of the axons of the ganglion cells. At the same time, objects that once were far away from us are, actually, closer.

It is not true that Rosalind Russell was born in 1892, even though the World Almanac of 1950 said so. Talk about your typographical errors: I often ask visitors how old they think Rosalind Russell must be, and then I say, "Oh boy, are *you* ever wrongety-wrong-wrong!" Then I drag out my "proof," right there on p. 238, right under *Jane Russell,* who was born in ellipses, as were Maureen O'Hara and Jane Pickens. The truth, of course, is that Rosalind Russell was born in 1936, the same year as President John F. Kennedy.

It is not true that matches, held in the mouth while peeling onions, will prevent the eyes from watering. Onions should, doctors say, be eaten whole, including the skins, since that's where most of your nourishment lies. Our ancestors, who gave us this marvelous vegetable at the time of their death, never intended for us to peel it or chop it up. The very word onion comes from the Latin, *unio,* or oneness. A little more respect for the past, please.

SR/November 11, 1961

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Bas relief from Malatesta Church at Rimini

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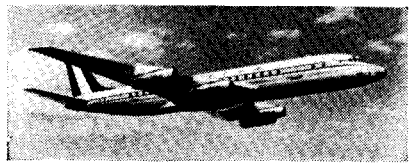

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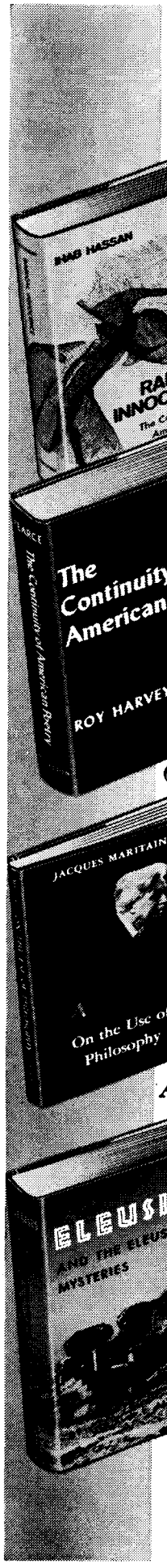

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Finally, it is not true that linen comes from the fiber of flax (*Linum usitatissimum,* or Great Caesar's Bluebell). Linen comes from small shops that go out of business on Fifth Avenue in New York City. What the Irish, with typical humor, call linen, we in this country call distress merchandise. The way to tell linen from cotton is to place a drop of water on it. —HAYES B. JACOBS.

• • •

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OF all the ingenious inventions either on the market or drawing board, the one that appeals to me most is paper clothes that you can wear and then throw away.

I'd say the perfect way to make and circulate these paper suits would be for a fashion manufacturer and a newspaper—preferably a pair that best lived up to the ideals set forth by Joseph Pulitzer and Hart, Schaffner & Marx—to merge and turn out a newspaper that would unroll into a suit of assorted sizes.

My paper-suit boy would then toss my latest clothes on the porch each morning about six. Instead of reading the contents, I would put them on and let my wife scan me quickly at the breakfast table while I bolted down my coffee. Later, on the bus, if enough of my fellow commuters were wearing their newspaper suits, I could catch up on the headlines by reading the nearest paperbacks.

I certainly subscribe to this idea of taking a daily paper that can be put on and worn to work and thrown away the same day. (Of course, to be competitive, the evening papers would probably have to come in paper pajamas.) And just think of all the prestige you would have if your evanescent wardrobe was fashioned from one of the ten great American newspapers for superior coverage, styling, and public service. What's more, you'd always be wearing the very latest in a suit that was made expressly for you and a few million other readers. And found only at better newsstands.

Who knows, maybe the most famous size 36-46 daily paperclothes slogan that people will wake up to in the exciting years ahead will be "All the News That Fits." —JACK POPE.

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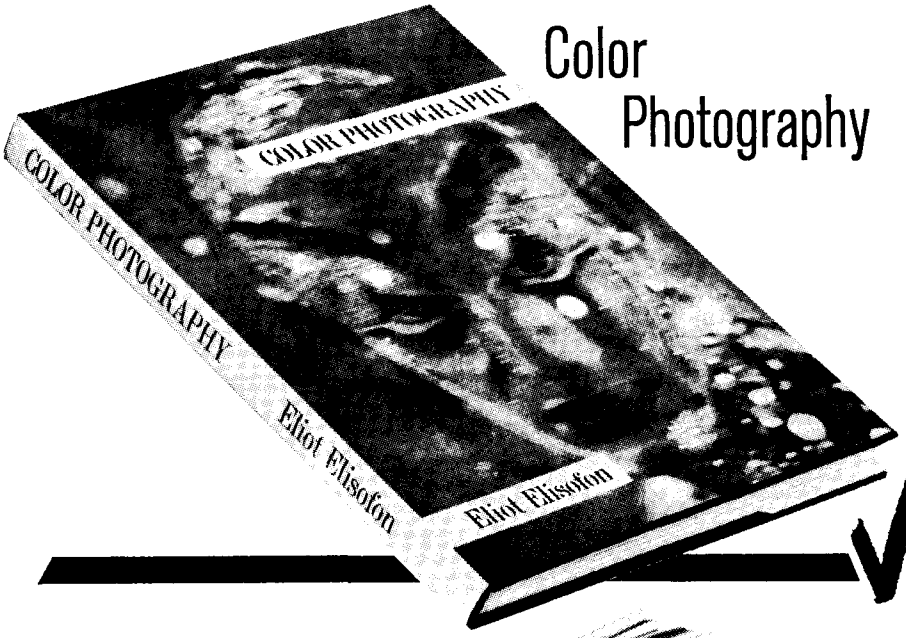

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SCIENTISTS are the literary critics of the universe. They are constantly trying to discover which of the unfinished versions is the true one, what the author had intended to say, and, of course, whether Shakespeare existed in the first place.

✓ ✓ ✓

SCIENCE GIVES us security and efficiency. Scientific injustice is bigger, better, more trustworthy than old-fashioned, empirical injustice. A class society based on birthrights was not scientifically based, it could not last. When Science said: one man is as good as another, the feudal system came to an end. Many regarded that as mere destructive criticism, but now Science has given us Scientific Feudalism. Future men whose grandfathers may have walked through an invisible source of gamma rays will, by scientific decree, belong to an inferior race. History repeats itself, with improvements.

✓ ✓ ✓

ALTHOUGH the future is a thing of the past, we still believe we must do something, if not as builders of a future to come, certainly as keepers and curators of a future to go. Like monuments of past civilizations, there it stands, our old future, facing the anger of the winds, the nameless forces of the past that strive to erase from every stone on earth, any parchment or canvas, bronze or wood, what may be recognized as a sign of the future, the code language of man. Today the past is winning. In the name of a future that no longer exists, the stone age is invited to return.

✓ ✓ ✓

THE AMERICAN liberal should prove his strength, which is still very great, by laughing at himself. He does not need his enemies to do that. He has become self-conscious, apologetic, frightened of his own thunder. This is not real politeness, this is almost bad manners. He often whines, where he should cry, deep in his bones, without showing his tears, but making others cry with the gravity of his arguments, over what they have done to themselves and not to him.

✓ ✓ ✓

HAPPINESS is no laughing matter.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.

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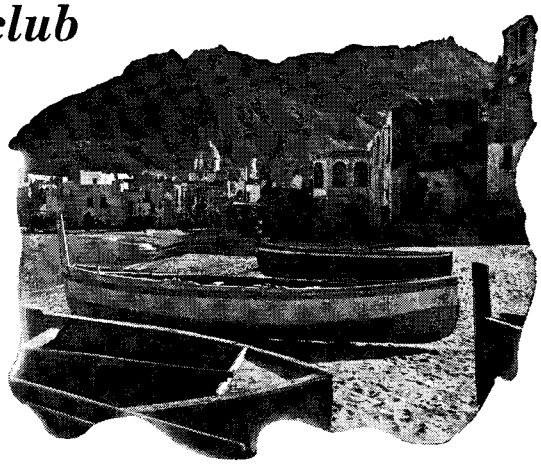
ESCAPE TO EXOTIC HIDEAWAY ISLANDS

as a member of this exclusive club



"One resident sees Ischia as a battlefield between good and evil. The hot, neurotic sirocco blows its soft call to madness for days on end, until even old peasant women, long trained to patience, suddenly begin screaming without cause and have to be taken away for quieting treatment. Elsewhere on the island, visitors bathe in Ischia's miraculous healing waters, said to cure anything from sterility to baldness—and too often effective to permit one to scoff."

THAT'S author Shirley Elizabeth Warren, reporting on the island of Ischia to members of *Islands in the Sun Club*. Ischia—one of hundreds of unspoiled and little-known ports offering a unique attraction for the resort-weary.

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Desegregation

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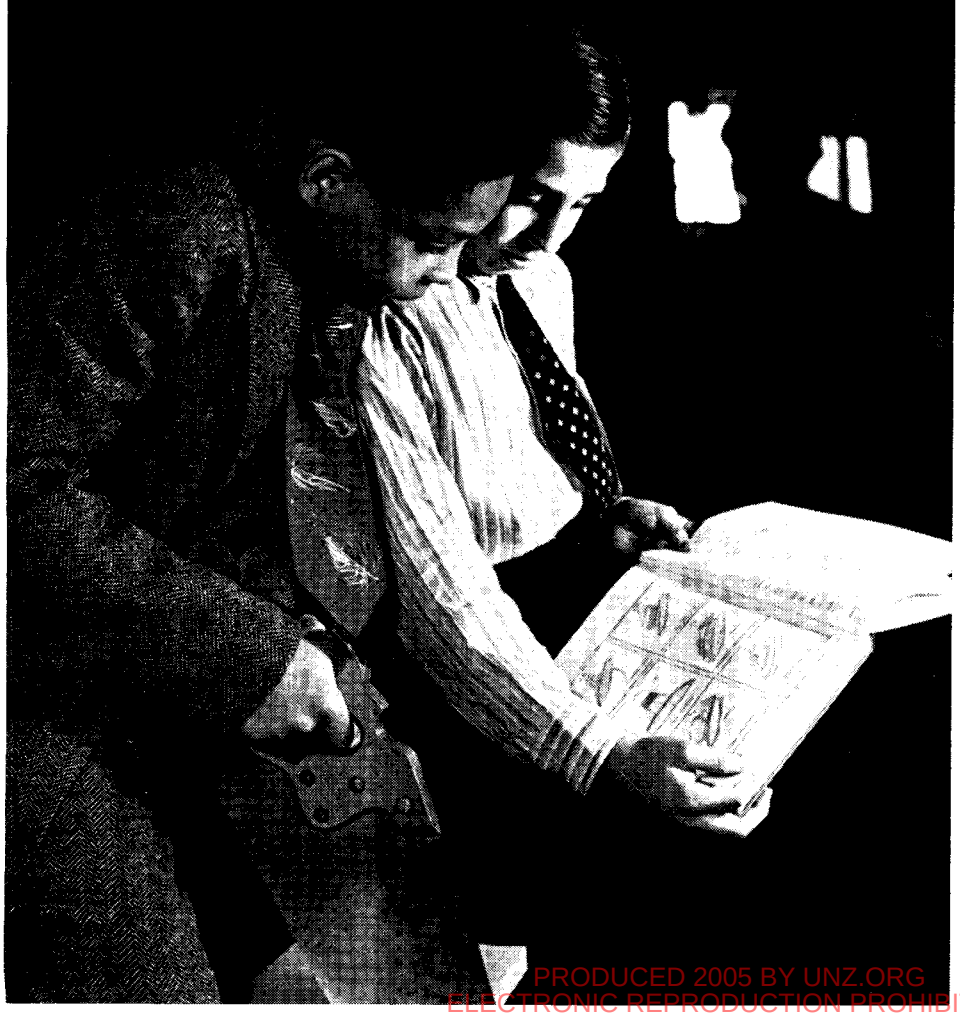

YES:

By WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, JR., *chaplain of Yale University and a recent Freedom Rider.*

IN ANY discussion of racial discrimination it is well, I think, to distinguish between integration and desegregation. The former gets to the heart of the matter, the heart of every man, and thus refers to something personal and subjective. Desegregation, on the other hand, refers to something impersonal and objective, a state of affairs in which rights and opportunities are guaranteed to all citizens despite the objections of some.

From any religious or moral point of view integration is the only acceptable goal, for the brotherhood of man is a farce if it is not finally a matter of the heart. Moreover, in an explosive world, integration may well be an absolute necessity. But the fact that a thing is right and necessary still does not make it possible; ironically, the very insecurity of the world, increasing as it does individual insecurity, tends rather to enhance rather than diminish the possibilities for racial discrimination. For racial discrimination, or prejudice of any kind for that matter, is deeply rooted in a sense of individual insecurity—which is why it is at once so universal and so ineradicable.

A few weeks ago eleven of us were tried in a civil rights case in a Southern court. Here was a fine chance to observe again the emotional roots of prejudice, to realize anew that what is emotionally rooted is not intellectually soluble. The testimony of each state witness and the sentence of the judge clearly reflected opinions not acquired but innate, not dictated by logic but by passions, and by passions not aroused by the facts, but by passions that preceded and dis-

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torted the facts. What the proceedings illustrated dramatically was that prejudice is actually far more an internal than an external affair. For what the segregationist fears is finally less the Negro than himself—his own insecurity inevitably felt most acutely when change and strife render horribly insecure the world about him. Not to be forgotten also is the role conscience plays, a role summed up beautifully by the philosopher Schweighausen, who said in reference to anti-Semitism: "The anti-Semite hates the Jew not because he is the Christ killer but because he is the Christ bearer."

Those who believe that prejudice can be eradicated simply by education do not properly assess these emotional and moral dimensions of the problem, do not realize how inadequate a solution education is for people whose lives are motivated not by love but by hate and fear of the truth. Thus, while all individuals surely have a clear religious or moral obligation to overcome their prejudices, it seems only realistic to anticipate that far from all will succeed. "Human nature," as a shrewd observer of the human scene remarked," is very prevalent." As far as whole societies go, integration appears an unattainable goal.

BUT does this mean that little or nothing can be done? Quite the contrary. If full integration is unattainable, then desegregation becomes that much more necessary, and, in contrast to integration, desegregation for a whole society is, I believe, a thoroughly attainable goal.

Desegregation and integration are of course interrelated, for while it is true that morality cannot be legislated it is

(*Continued on page* 76)

NO:

By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., *editor of National Review, a weekly periodical.*

WHAT, I am asked, is the conservatives' solution to the race problem in the South? I answer: there is no present solution to it. Such an answer appals. It brings to mind, to move from tragedy to flippancy, the cartoon of the farmer leaning on his pitchfork and replying to the motorist: "Come to think of it, Mister, I don't think you can *get* to Glens Falls from here." There are those who approach all problems as though they involved merely getting an automobile from here to there: there is always a road. There are others who know that some problems are insoluble. These last are for the most part conservatives; and I am here to defend them.

Let us begin by stressing that no matter how convinced a people may be of the wrongness of an existing situation, it does not follow that the people should be prepared to resort to whatever means may be necessary to attempt to make that situation right. That may sound obvious—the end does not justify any means; but when we examine some of the drastic proposals that are being put forward with the end of securing the rights of the Negro (e.g., a constitutional amendment depriving the individual states of their right to set up voting qualifications), the time has come to reiterate the obvious. We acknowledge, for instance, that it is wrong to drive at excessive speeds; but no state in the union seems prepared to impose a heavier penalty on the speeder than the automatic suspension of his license for thirty days. There would be less speeding, and hence less violent slaughter—the two figures, the experts inform us, are inextricably related—if speeders were packed off to jail for a week. Even so, notwithstanding the established correlation between fast driving and aborted lives, we shrink from so drastic a penalty; and the speeding, and the deaths, go on.

Let us take the word of the predominating school of social scientists and stipulate that segregation is the cause of personality disturbances. And—mark this—not only against the Negro, but also against the white. The argument is not new; it has often been used against corporal punishment. It is not only the victim who is damaged, psychiatrists report, but also the executioner, in whom sadistic impulses are dangerously encouraged. No one who has contemplated a man brandishing a fiery cross and preaching hatred needs help from social science to know that the race problem has debasing effects on black and white alike.

ASSUME all this to be true. Assume, also, that the legal and political power is wholly at the disposal of the society to effect its point of view in the South. Assume, in other words, that *Brown vs. Board of Education* and the supporting decisions of the Supreme Court deconstitutionalized segregated public schooling beyond the point of argument. Then assume that the raw power necessary to enforce that decision is available to the present Administration, and that the will of the nation is such as to insure that Congress will supply power where power is lacking. Should the Federal Government then proceed?

The list of sanctions available to the government is endless. The economic power of the Federal Government has in our time reached the point where it

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cannot be denied; cannot, in fact, be defied. If Congress can seriously entertain the question whether to spend money to aid public schooling in any state whose public schools are segregated, why can't Congress debate the question whether it is prepared to spend money for road-building in a segregated state? Or for unemployment? Or for farmers' subsidies? Already the Attorney General has hinted he is considering (for purely punitive reasons) recommending to his old friend the Commander-in-Chief the removal of our large military installations from segregated areas.

In a word, the Federal Government is in a position to visit intolerable economic sanctions against the defiant state. Not to mention the government's arsenal of legal weapons. Why cannot the Congress (assuming always a purposive mood on the subject of segregation) pass laws increasing the penalties for those held guilty of contempt of court in a certain category of cases? And why can't the courts rule—as Professor Auerbach of the University of Wisconsin has recommended—that any state which, having fought to the end of the legal road, sets out to close down its public schools rather than integrate them, be forbidden to do so on the grounds that such action, under such circumstances, becomes not the free exercise of the state's power, but an act of defiance of a federal court? By such reasoning the Federal Government could take over the operation of the schools.

THE crucial question arises: Will the government of the United States move in such a fashion? The answer is: probably not; for the reason that, along the way, the ideological stamina would very likely give out, as the public contemplated the consequences of an assault of such magnitude on a whole region. Another question is: *should* the government of the United States take that kind of action to end segregation? The answer to that is, in my judgment: no, most definitely not.

"You know, the world is hard enough and people is evil enough without all the time looking for it and stirring it up and making it worse," says Leona, in a novel by the eloquent, tormented Negro writer James Baldwin, who celebrates his bitterness against the white community mostly in journals of the far political left. What would be accomplished by turning the legislative, judicial, and executive resources of this country over to a crash program of integration? Let us suppose the program were so successful as to make South Carolina like New York City. This spring a distinguished New York Negro told the audience of the television program "Open End" that he did not know three white people in all of New York with whom he felt genuinely comfortable, such is the prevalence of prejudice even in this cosmopolitan center. Louis Lomax may be more sensitive, and hence more bitter, than the average New York Negro, and so unrepresentative of the state of Negro serenity in the North; but then, too, Dr. Martin Luther King is more sensitive, and so more bitter, than the average Southern Negro, and hence unqualified as a litmus of the Southern Negro's discontent. But only one of the other Negro guests on the program challenged as extreme that remarkable testament to race relations in the city under which the fires of the melting pot burn hottest.

THE deep disturbances isolated by the social scientists are not, I think, of the kind that are removed by integrating the waiting rooms and the schools. It has even been revealed (*Villanova Law Review*, Fall, 1960) that the very tests cited by the Supreme Court in *Brown* as evidence that Southern Negro children were suffering personality damage, when administered in the North yielded not merely similar results, but results that seemed to indicate a greater psychic disturbance in integrated Northern Negroes than in segregated Southern Negroes! I believe that the forms of segregation, which so much engross us at the moment and which alone are within the reach of the law to alter, are of tertiary importance, and of transitory nature; and under the circumstances the question arises even more urgently: *Should* we resort to convulsive measures that do violence to the traditions of our system in order to remove the forms of segregation in the South? If the results were predictably and unambiguously successful, the case might be made persuasively. If a clean stroke through the tissue of American mores could reach through to the cancer, forever to extirpate it, then one might say, in due gravity: let us operate. But when the results are thus ambiguous? Use the federal power to slash through the warp and woof of society in pursuit of a social ideal which was never realized even under the clement circumstances of a Chicago or a New York or a Philadelphia?

I say no. A conservative is seldom disposed to use the Federal Government as the sword of social justice, for the sword is generally two-edged ("The Government can only do something for the people in proportion as it can do something to the people," Jefferson said). If it is doubtful just what enduring benefits the Southern Negro would receive from the intervention of government on the scale needed to, say, integrate the schools in South Carolina, it is less doubtful what the consequences of interposition would be to the ideal of local government and the sense of community, ideals which I am not ready to abandon, not even to kill Jim Crow.

WHAT, meanwhile, are the Negroes actually losing that they would not lose if the government took over in the South? One thing alone, I think, and that is the institutional face of segregation. That is important; but it is in the last analysis only a form. What matters is the substance of segregation. The kind of familiarity that might lessen racial consciousness is outside the power of the government to effect. I would even argue that it is outside the power of the government to accelerate. J. Kenneth Galbraith tells us that the ultimate enemy of myth is circumstance, and I think he is correct. If it is true that the separation of the races on account of color is nonrational, then circumstance will in due course break down segregation. When it becomes self-evident that biological, intellectual, cultural, and psychic similarities among the races render social separation capricious and atavistic, then the myths will begin to fade, as they have done in respect of the Irish, the Italian, the Jew; then integration will come—the right kind of integration. But meanwhile there *are* differences between the races which surely will not be denied by an organization explicitly devoted to the advancement of colored people. The Negro community must advance, and is advancing. The Reverend William Sloane Coffin of Yale University, returning from his whirl with the Freedom Riders, rejected the request of Mr. Robert Kennedy that the Riders withdraw to let the situation cool off with the words: "The Negroes have been waiting for ninety years." Mr. Coffin spoke nonsense, and showed scant respect for the productive labors, material and spiritual, of three generations of Negroes. A sociologist at Brooklyn College only a few weeks before had observed that never in the history of nations has a racial minority advanced so fast as the Negroes have done in America. How far will they go on to advance? To the point where social separation will vanish?

I do not know, but I hope that circumstance will usher in that day, and that when the Negroes have finally realized their long dream of attaining to the status of the white man, the white man will still be free; and that depends, in part, on the moderation of those whose inclination it is to build a superstate that will give them Instant Integration.

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The Newest Pamphleteers

By Granville Hicks

A LITTLE while ago (*SR*, Aug. 12), in commenting on Twayne's United States Authors Services, I referred briefly to the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers. Now four new pamphlets have appeared, bringing the total number to fifteen, and some attention should be paid them. Although the pamphlets, like the books in the Twayne series, are aimed at an academic audience, most of them will interest the general reader who has a little curiosity about the authors he is reading or might like to read.

The editors of the series are William Van O'Connor, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren; and Willard Thorp, Karl Shapiro, and Philip Rahv serve as advisers. Each pamphlet runs to about forty-eight pages and costs sixty-five cents. The general formula calls for a brief biographical account, a discussion of important works, and a critical evaluation. A bibliography, in addition to the usual information, lists current American reprints.

There is naturally a good deal of variation. Some authors lend themselves to brief treatment better than others, and some critics seem to be happy with a ten-thousand-word essay whereas others are uncomfortable unless they have more scope. Of the four pamphlets just published, by all odds the most successful is Louis Auchincloss's "Edith Wharton." Here the right critic has found both the right subject and the right form.

Himself a skilful novelist of manners, Auchincloss is strongly sympathetic to what Mrs. Wharton was trying to do in her fiction, but sympathy never dulls his critical faculties. He is warmly appreciative of "The House of Mirth," "Ethan Frome," "The Age of Innocence," and certain other novels, but he does not hesitate to say that much of the late work was trivial and some of it vulgar. He makes it clear that at her best she is still worth reading, but he does not exaggerate her importance.

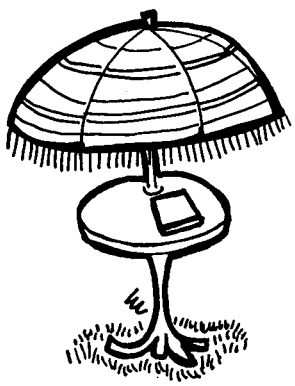
> It is interesting [Auchincloss observes] that her name should be so constantly linked with James's, considering how different were their approaches to their art. His influence is visible, superficially, in her early work, and, of course, they were both interested in Americans in Europe, but there the resemblance ceases. James was subtle, speculative, and indirect; Edith Wharton was always clear and to the point. . . . If she must be regarded as anyone's disciple, it would be more accurate to note her relation to George Eliot, whose clear, strong style, broad canvas, and obsession with moral questions always fascinated her.

This is worth saying, for someone is always referring to Mrs. Wharton as James's disciple.

In addition to making sound critical judgments, Auchincloss gives the reader a remarkable sense of Mrs. Wharton as a person. She was surely a formidable woman, extravagantly admired by some of those who knew her but bitterly disliked by others. Auchincloss is cool and detached, sometimes amused but never unkind. The adroitness of his portrayal adds further distinction to an excellent piece of work.

LEON HOWARD is not so fortunate in his "Herman Melville." This, of course, was a frightening undertaking: a major literary figure, a considerable body of work, and a vast critical literature. Professor Howard, who published a biography of Melville ten years ago, clearly found it impossible to say all that he wanted to say in forty-eight pages. He covers a lot of ground, with rather full biographical information as well as comment on each book, but he has to run very fast to do it, and both he and the reader end by being breathless.

Charles E. Shain, no doubt, could use more space in his "F. Scott Fitzgerald" than he has at his disposal, but he is not so harried as Professor Howard. Of Fitzgerald he says at the outset: "He used himself so mercilessly in his fiction, there is often such a complete fusion between his life and his stories, that conscientious criticism will always have to remember D. H. Lawrence's warning to biographically-minded critics: don't trust the artist, trust the tale." This is sound advice, and Shain does keep his eye on the work, but fortunately he does not neglect the man. Dangerous as biographical criticism sometimes is, it does have its uses. If understanding of a man contributes to understanding and appreciation of his work, as it surely does with Fitzgerald, a critic is foolish to shy away from biography.



On the other hand, it is necessary to remember that the facts of Fitzgerald's life are important only in so far as they served as the materials with which his imagination was engaged. Shain constantly bears this in mind, and he tries to show how Fitzgerald's imagination functioned. He has sound things to say about the novels and stories, and in general the pamphlet serves its purpose.

As a rule, each of the pamphlets deals with a single writer; but there was an earlier pamphlet on "Recent American Drama" by Alan Downer, and now we have "The American Short Story" by Danforth Ross. Downer limited himself to a few playwrights and was able to comment instructively on each. Ross, however, ranges all the way from Washington Irving to Jack Kerouac, discussing more than a score of writers and referring to many others. A critic would have to be remarkably incisive to make much out of such a project, and Ross falls a long way short. What he has to say about individual authors and individual stories is seldom particularly interesting, and sometimes it is wrongheaded. There are few generalizations, and those few are of dubious validity. It seems to me that the editors made a mistake when they commissioned the pamphlet and doubled it when they published what Mr. Ross produced.

ON the whole, however, the editors have done well. If not all the writers are so admirably suited to their subjects as Louis Auchincloss is to Edith Wharton, almost all of them are knowledgeable, and several of the earlier pamphlets are, as Auchincloss's is, distinguished works of criticism. Most of the contributors are teachers, and the quality of their work suggests that in many colleges the teaching of American literature is in good hands. For the general reader, such pamphlets as Leonard Unger's "T. S. Eliot," William Van O'Connor's "William Faulkner," and Philip Young's "Ernest Hemingway" should prove helpful and discriminating guides. In introducing the series, the editors said, "Ideally, of course, each pamphlet should send the reader to the writer's own books." Most of those thus far published are calculated to have that happy result.

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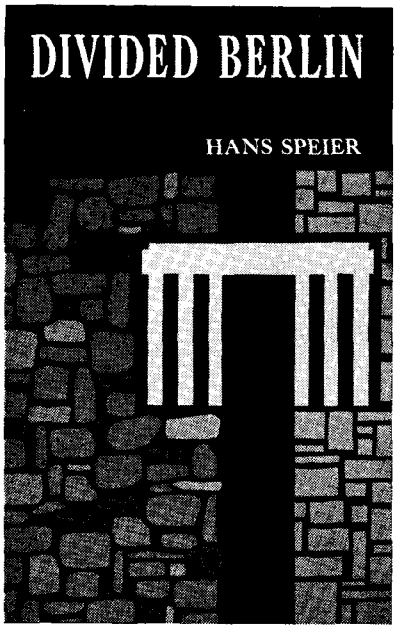
Book in the News



By Henry C. Wolfe, *who is the author of "The Imperial Soviets," and an annual visitor to Germany.*

DID THE U-2 incident aid "the Western powers in halting Khrushchev's political advance in Europe"? Hans Speier, author of **"Divided Berlin: The Anatomy of Soviet Political Blackmail"** (Praeger, $4.95), a useful Rand Corporation study, thinks it did. He says that the incident (a) demonstrated to Khrushchev that, despite coexistence propaganda, the U. S. had not lowered its guard, and (b) impressed the Russian dictator as an act of America's confidence "in its ability to defy with impunity Soviet power and sabre-rattling." According to this reasoning, the U-2 affair bought us a little more time.

In his analysis of the Berlin situation, Mr. Speier examines in careful detail the past three years of the East-West political struggle over the beleaguered city. Soviet military strength versus NATO, the political infighting, the diplomatic conferences, the propaganda battles, and the psychological factors come under the magnifying glass. Much of Khrushchev's apparent confidence in his ability to triumph in Berlin, the author points out, rests in his belief that "a fundamental shift has taken place in the balance of power between the socialist and capitalist states." In Europe this fall the reviewer found the Khrushchev confidence—or, rather, overconfidence—a source of deep concern to Western leaders.

Mr. Speier is convinced that Khrushchev's objective goes far beyond forcing the capitulation of Berlin. He quotes the Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*'s statement that "Khrushchev's regime is determined to destroy democracy in Germany, just as the early Stalin regime did in the Weimar Republic." He reminds us that Ulbricht, the Communist boss in the Soviet Zone, "abroad at the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact, called upon German workers to fight for the Nazis against the British, and that he returned to Germany in 1945 as a Soviet citizen." Soviet propaganda constantly turns its drum-fire on Chancellor Adenauer. "Anything the Soviet Government could do to reduce Adenauer's influence and credit in Western councils was therefore in the Soviet interest. This is still true today."

But Khrushchev, the master tactician, does not narrow his offensive against the West German government to the struggle for Berlin. He tries consistently to break up NATO, to sow suspicion and enmity among the members of the Western alignment. On his March 1960 visit to France, "The Soviet dictator used all his powers of persuasion to evoke the old French image of a powerful Germany as the hereditary enemy threatening the integrity of France and peace in Europe." When he spoke at Verdun he called attention to the huge number of French military graves there. But his French audience knew that there are many thousands of German graves there, too. And few Frenchmen today want to turn their backs on Franco-German reconciliation and make the Rhine once more a hostile border.

In Britain Khrushchev has had more success with his anti-Adenauer campaign. At one point when Selwyn Lloyd "admonished the socialist opposition in the House of Commons to cease its participation in the Soviet campaign of defamation against Adenauer, he was interested in blocking British support for the Soviet attempt to isolate the Federal Republic from its allies." But "at the same time he appeared to share some of the premises underlying the socialist attack on Adenauer." Though the present crisis is centered on Berlin, it is, the author emphasizes, "a global issue."

AND what of the danger of war over Berlin? Mr. Speier has no pat answer to that question, but he evidently thinks that Khrushchev hopes to gain the fruits of victory without paying the costs of nuclear warfare. That there are acute dangers in such a course the Soviet leader seems aware. His charge that "Provocateurs provoke war, while cowards can sometimes start a war out of cowardice" would seem to betray uneasiness that somebody's nerves might crack and set off a nuclear conflict. He, too, apparently has misgivings at times about a miscalculation in the Berlin maneuvering. "Our nerves are strong," he asserts, implying that the "cowards" who would set off a nuclear conflagration are in the West.

"The most ominous interpretation of the Soviet policy," according to Mr. Speier, "is that Khrushchev believes that the Soviet military position relative to that of the United States has so improved within the last year that he can afford to intensify his military threats . . ." And his war of nerves.

It is this that gives added significance to President Kennedy's warning: "In the thermonuclear age, any misjudgment on either side about the intentions of the other could rain more devastation in several hours than has been wrought in all the wars of human history."

Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

URBAN PILGRIMAGE

Here are a score of words ending in *-city*, submitted by Isabella K. Rhodes of, fittingly enough, New York City. (Example: A city of light and power. *Electricity.*) Answers on page 78.

1. City of liars
2. Very happy place
3. City of homes
4. There's not much of this one
5. A stretchable city
6. A truthful place
7. City in many parts
8. This one will hold you fast
9. This one is genuine
10. This one is very odd
11. Plain undecorated city
12. Well-advertised city
13. If you are talkative, you will like this one
14. Watch out for double dealing here!
15. Sounds like a dog's foot, but there is very little of it
16. A lively city
17. You will get tit for tat here
18. Countrified city
19. City with a long past
20. Greedy, grasping city

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IVO ANDRIC:

A World of Agony and Hope

Ivo Andric—"characteristic of the modern Yugoslav mind."

By EMILE CAPOUYA, *the Nobel Prize-winner's editor at the Macmillan Company in New York.*

A GOOD action shames the world. The Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to Ivo Andric, the Yugoslav poet, essayist, novelist, and writer of short stories. The award conveys to Andric the respect and sympathy of a body of eminent men, and a large gift of money. In distinguishing a powerful artist by its praise, the Nobel Prize Committee honors itself and the world; its action testifies to the world's desire to be somehow associated with singular merit, with art, with the life of the spirit. All the Nobel Prizes are peace prizes. Literature and science are the arts of peace. But the world that gives a prize to the poet and novelist also rewards the artists of destruction.

Not in the same breath, of course. The Father of the Hydrogen Bomb and the Father of the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile need not look forward to the Nobel Prize. Still, they have their rewards, and the paradox of a world that honors the creator spirit, the artist's divine generosity, and yet lusts coldly after extinction—that paradox is older than St. Paul's cry, "For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." The question behind that outburst—Whence evil?—has been the essential preoccupation of Ivo Andric in his life work as an artist and a man.

Andric was born in 1893, when the territories that now make up Yugoslavia were separate fiefs of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. After being graduated from high school in Sarajevo, he studied literature at Croatian, Polish, and Austrian universities. Andric's intellectual cosmopolitanism (on internal evidence, he is familiar with the literatures of at least half a dozen nations—including our own, for he translated Whitman when he was twenty) seems to be characteristic of the modern Yugoslav mind. Perhaps that tradition of eclectic learning helps to explain the peculiar combination of faith and skepticism, ebullience and stubbornness that makes Yugoslavia capable of standing against the pressures brought to bear by the superpowers of East and West. In any case, provincialism is certainly not the explanation for Andric's almost exclusive concentration on native materials in his writings, nor for his youthful activities as a nationalist and revolutionary.

As a young man, Ivo Andric belonged to a movement whose aim was to unite the South Slavs in an independent, democratic republic. With the outbreak of war in 1914, he was arrested and imprisoned for three years. In prison he read Kierkegaard, and wrote his autobiographical first book, "Ex Ponto," a series of meditations in poetic prose that testify, if not to the influence upon him of the Danish philosopher and mystic, then at least to the natural affinity between their visions of the world as the abode of terror and irrationality.

History justifies Kierkegaard day by day, but facts of his own history and that of his people have extended the dimensions of Andric's world to include the possibility of tragedy. As the conviction gains ground that the world is absurd, tragedy disappears; tragedy depends upon our assuming that men's purposes are important, and that defeat, failure, and death are shocking. The absence of tragedy from modern literature is an index of the revaluation of all values, to the point where effort of any kind has come to seem unreasonable, while our emotional responses have been reduced to the instinctive cringing of the flesh at the prospect of pain. Yet there are authors who show, in the twentieth century, an anachronistic piety toward human purpose, an old irrational hope, a capacity for disappointment. They do not necessarily come from the countries whose history has been least troubled: Mikhail Sholokhov, Nikos Kazantzakis, Ivo Andric are good examples.

"IT is gloomy in this world, gentlemen." Gloom is the tone of Samuel Beckett and Jean Ionesco, the dramatists who best express the contemporary sense of the absurdity of life. Agony and hope belong to Andric's world. His most important novel, "The Bridge on the Drina," reflects five centuries of hope and agony in a series of episodes that extends from the Middle Ages to the present. Andric had found his own intuitions embodied in Goya's cycle of engravings, "The Disasters of War"—and perhaps in the "Caprichos" as well—and had written a long meditation on "The Monsters Born of the Sleep of Reason." Baudelaire exclaims that if our lives are not marked by rape and poison, fire and the knife, it is because we are too pusillanimous to earn those distinctions. But in that respect Andric's native country has been favored by history, and its chronicler is encouraged to be bold in telling the story of the Turkish dominion that lasted until 1878, of the Austro-Hungarian dominion that lasted until 1914, and of the First World War. Violence, sadism, lust, and perversion mark the baneful history of "The Bridge on the Drina"; the first section of the novel contains an account of execution by impalement that for implacable savagery is probably without parallel in literature.

Men are born, they suffer, and they die. The bridge endures, and gives a meaning to their obscure generations. A work of hands, a work of art, the bridge exists on a time-scale incommensurate with human life, but stands as a symbol of what that life portends. Men build better than they know. Men build other than they know. Men's work is to build—cities, arts, lives. The intelligence and instinct that fashion a bridge to outlast time can fashion a world not wholly terrifying and absurd. Effort is meaningful, tragedy is possible, hope is not always and everywhere vain.

And in 1961, Doomsday Eve, the world showed its gratitude to the man whose life and work expressed that vision by according him praise and money—all it had to give. And prepared for the slaughter.

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Man-Centered Theology

"On Socialist Realism," by Abram Tertz, translated by George Dennis (Pantheon. 95 pp. $2.95), sees the artistic theories of modern Communism as the reflection of a new religious dogma. Harry Schwartz wrote "Red Phoenix: Russia Since World War II."

By Harry Schwartz

AT THE outset this reviewer should confess his basic prejudice: so far as I am concerned, Abram Tertz—whoever he may be, for the name is the pseudonym of one whose real identity it is wisest we of the West not seek to find out, for the time being anyway—is the greatest living writer in the Soviet Union, the one who has written most profoundly, most interestingly, and most honestly. Naturally enough, neither of the two small books on which the above judgment is based—that gemlike, wonderful semifantasy, "The Trial Begins," and the present volume—has been published in his own country. Both were smuggled out of Russia and issued in the West.

Nominally this book is a discussion of Socialist Realism, the rather amorphous dogma—or, perhaps better, cliché—that governs the Soviet arts, and whose one constant feature is the notion that everything which is really a product of Socialist Realism must in some way be useful propaganda for the Soviet system. In literature the result is a body of writing which contains much that is dishonest and false, and even more that is simply incredibly boring, on the pattern of boy meets tractor, girl meets tractor, boy and girl set new tractor-driving record together.

But any such statement is crude and superficial compared to Tertz's analysis. The Socialist Realist, he points out, "sees the 'visible traits of Communism,' invisible to the ordinary eye." Because of Socialist Realism, "a poet not only writes poems, but helps, in his own way, to build Communism; so, too, do sculptors, musicians, agronomists, engineers, laborers, policemen, and lawyers, as well as theatres, machines, newspapers, and guns."

But living in the midst of Soviet society—and himself a product of it, even if a nonconformist product—Tertz sees far more behind Socialist Realism than mere propaganda on a par with advertising copy for a new deodorant. Behind it, he argues, is the new religion that is the essential nature of modern Communism. The vision of the ultimate paradise on earth—when, in Lenin's words, the toilets will be made of pure gold—animates the sincere practitioner of Socialist Realism much as the vision of the Kingdom of God animated religious men of an earlier era.

Looking about him in Soviet society, Tertz has reached profoundly pessimistic conclusions—from his and our point of view—about the chances of countering this new man-centered theology: "Where socialism is concerned," he writes, "the Western liberal individualist or Russian skeptical intellectual is about in the same position as the cultured and intelligent Roman with regard to victorious Christianity."

It is this religious aspect of Communism which Tertz communicates best, so that his essay has much to say that is pertinent to the politics of the Soviet Union as well as to that state's literature. It is precisely the frequent inability of our leaders to understand that we are up against a new universalist religion—and not merely just another national state with limited goals—that has caused so many of the errors in our policy toward the Soviet Union.

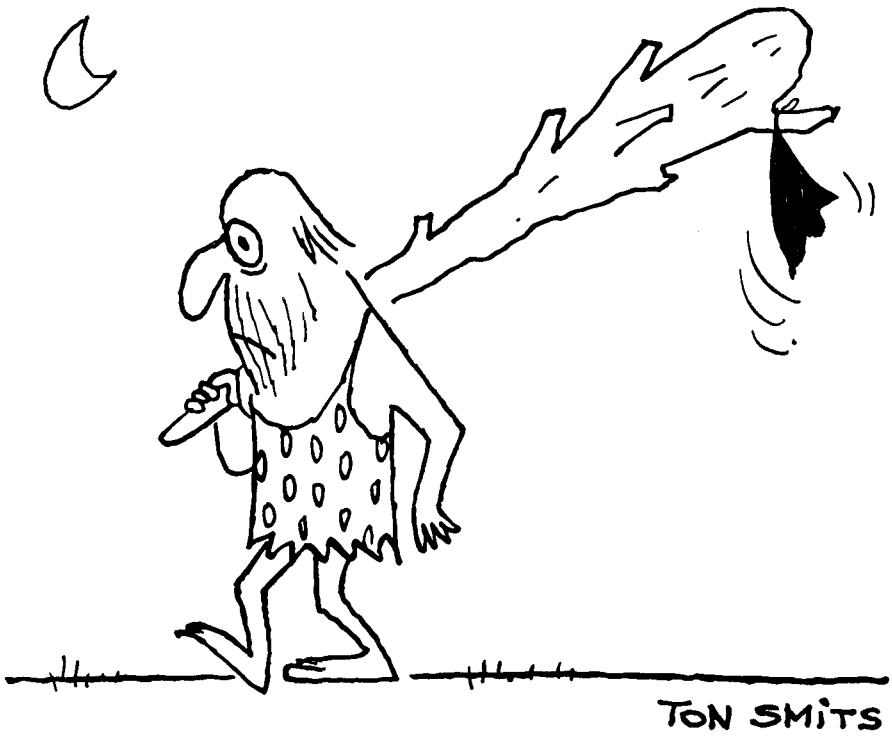
But the most brilliant portion of this brilliant book is that in which Tertz identifies Socialist Realism and Communist fundamentalism in his country as really a classic revival of old themes and ways of thought from eighteenth-century Russia.

He recalls, for example, the eighteenth-century Russian poet Derzhavin, who told the world, "God is with us, so honor ye the Russian." The modern Socialist Realist would make this: "Dialectical materialism is with us, so honor ye the Soviet Man," but the meaning would be identical. And when Khrushchev tries to sell the idea of world Communism to all peoples, isn't he really saying in our manner what Derzhavin was talking about when he dreamed of a world ruled by Catherine II:

> Peoples savage and remote
> Covered still with wool and scales,
> Dressed only with leaf and bark
> And adorned with wings of birds
> Should all gather at Her throne. . . .
> They should cry and understand
> The bliss of living in our time
> Should abandon their equality
> And all subject be to Her.

One final point: Tertz is a pessimist. He sees little hope for himself or freedom. He counterposes to Socialist Realism only "a phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose, an art in which the grotesque will replace realistic descriptions of ordinary life. Such an art would correspond best to the spirit of our time."

Yet the fact that the Soviet system has produced a human being like Tertz is in itself profoundly cheering. There must be others like him in the Soviet Union, and their penetrating understanding is too great to be forever silenced by the totalitarians who find Socialist Realism satisfying.



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Notes from the Underground

"A Leaf of Spring," by Aleksandr Yesenin-Volpin, translated by George Reavey (Praeger. 173 pp. $3), collects the poems of a young Russian writer who is currently in prison for his opposition to the Soviet regime. Patricia Blake, a former Life correspondent in Moscow, recently edited an anthology of works by Mayakovsky.

By Patricia Blake

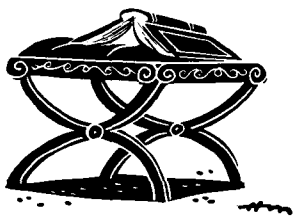
THE DESTINY of the great poets of Russia has been traditionally a tragic, senseless one. The giants of the nineteenth century, Pushkin and Lermontov, both lost their lives in foolish duels. Many of their successors in the twentieth—Yesenin, Mayakovsky, Tsvetayava, Mandelshtam, Vyacheslav and Georgi Ivanov, Blok, and Pasternak—died as suicides, as victims of Stalin's purges, as forgotten men in the solitude of exile, or as outcasts in their own country.

Of all these deaths perhaps none seems more affecting than that of Sergei Yesenin, the splendid neo-romantic poet whose lyrics on the sweetness of the Russian land have made him one of the most popular poets of the Soviet era. A former shepherd, Yesenin had been at first an enthusiast of the Bolshevik revolution; he imagined that it heralded the bucolic, democratic Utopia of which he dreamed in his early poems. Soon disabused of this notion, he exchanged his peasant blouse and country manners for a tail coat and high living. Profoundly self-destructive in temperament, he increasingly surrendered to liquor, drugs, and self-pity. His love affairs, his marriages—to Isadora Duncan, among others—and his extravagant escapades made him notorious on three continents. In his work Yesenin now spoke of the estrangement and helplessness he felt before the relentless realities of Soviet life; he compared himself to a pitiful foal stumbling as he tries to race a steam engine. In 1925 he stumbled for the last time. After a brief stay in a mental institution, the thirty-year-old Yesenin cut his veins, and, in a final display of histrionics, wrote a poem in his own blood and hanged himself.

That same year his natural son, Aleksandr Yesenin-Volpin, was born. Aleksandr's verse, as represented in this small volume recently smuggled out of Russia, reflects the circumstances of his birth and of his time. A child of the Stalin era, his poetic subjects are war and its mutilations, prison, morphine, schizophrenia, drunkenness, and, always, death. The leaf of spring that gives his book its title is no harbinger of better days, in the romantic style, but "the gift of foul weather" as seen through a prison window. A cornflower is to him "like some young girl that's murdered in the bushes." He vows he will trample down the flowers, "for pain is the only beauty that I know."

Many of Yesenin-Volpin's poems end with such notations as "Prison of Chernovitzy," "Lubyanka," "Karaganda": the concentration camps, jails, and prison psychiatric hospitals where he has spent a good part of his adult life. His presence there is scarcely surprising. "Only a morally and mentally defective person can fail to reach a stage of extreme indignation in the Soviet Union," he has written. The expression of such sentiments in poems that circulated clandestinely in Russia eventually caused his arrest. By his own account, he was adjudged "irresponsible" and sentenced to his first term in prison only a few weeks after he had successfully defended his Ph.D. candidacy in mathematics at Moscow University in 1949.

Yet Yesenin-Volpin's rage against the Soviet regime and its works is evidently



hard to contain. During his imprisonment he continued to write his bitter verses. In "Star" he describes a Marxist propounding speeches "reeking of prison." In a love poem, "The Heart Is Broken," he defines his agony: "The heart is broken, passion's lost—/An alien power has sundered us./ An alien faith, an alien law,/ Have tracked me down on every side." In "O Fellow Citizens, Cows and Oxen" he longs to abandon Russia for the West, where, even if his "protest" is ignored, he can at least make sure "that Russia gets no vestige of my ashes." And finally, in an essay called "A Free Philosophical Treatise," he engages Marxism itself, in a sometimes incoherent but nonetheless compelling attempt to repudiate all philosophical systems.

These documents now appear in America at Yesenin-Volpin's request. "When these works are finished and their publication arranged for," he wrote in 1959 in an addendum to his book, "I shall calmly go to jail, if they should insist on it, in the knowledge that they have failed to conquer me." This commission evidently charges his American publishers with a painful responsibility. Hence it is particularly regrettable that they choose to meet Yesenin-Volpin's wishes with such a careless and frankly bizarre presentation of the poet's precious little manuscript.

While the publishers have quite usefully provided the bilingual American reader with the original Russian text of the poems, they have inexplicably translated their own English language introduction, the table of contents, and even the jacket blurb into Russian. Most baffling, however, is the treatment given Yesenin-Volpin's Russian translation of a poem by Baudelaire. This is followed, not by the French original, but by an English translation, and, of all things, a transliteration from the Cyrillic to the Roman alphabet that serves no conceivable purpose except perhaps to further pad the contents.

AS IS perhaps inevitable, Yesenin-Volpin is already being touted as the heir to his father's talent, and "A Leaf of Spring" as the most significant work to come from behind the Iron Curtain since Djilas's "New Class" or "Dr. Zhivago." But, unfortunately, these poems have an unfinished, awkward quality; they cannot compare with Sergei Yesenin's masterful lyrics, nor even with the poetry that is presently being written by some of Yesenin-Volpin's Soviet contemporaries. Moreover, he is by no means typical, as the publishers' introduction suggests, of the younger generation of Russian intellectuals in his absolute repudiation of socialism and the Soviet autocracy. Restless as these intellectuals may be, most of them have made their accommodations with the regime. "A Leaf of Spring" comes from the underground of Soviet society, and it is precisely this fact that gives the book its power. Hardly a Western reader can fail to be moved by this young poet's solitary act of revolt.

Today Yesenin-Volpin is again in prison, evidently because of his suicidal insistence on the publication of his book abroad. If his destiny is to be in the melancholy tradition of his forebears, it can perhaps be said to have greater meaning in the context of his times.

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A Ballad Singer Regenerated

***"A Passion in Rome," by Morley Callaghan** (Putnam. 352 pp. $4.95), sets a frustrated artist's attempt to rehabilitate a neurotic girl against the background of a papal funeral. Walt McCaslin, a free-lance writer, is one of America's younger critics.*

By Walt McCaslin

MORLEY CALLAGHAN is a kind of stray from the literary fold of the 1920s. An early story of his was published in Ezra Pound's Paris magazine *Exile* on the recommendation of Ernest Hemingway, with whom Callaghan had worked on the Toronto *Star*. Yet despite this entrée and the publication of subsequent stories in our quality magazines, Callaghan's major works have gone more or less unnoticed in the United States.

There are probably two reasons for this neglect. First, the writer remained in Canada and, as his work did not contain the specifically Canadian themes that might have won him attention as a national "literary spokesman," he became just another victim of his country's cultural insularity. Second, there is a deceptive grayness about his books that might have discouraged our more action-oriented public. Callaghan's style is neither line-clever nor exuberantly paced, though satisfaction awaits the reader who will take the time to "move in" with the characters and permit himself to be drawn into their daily affairs.

The present Callaghan novel, "A Passion in Rome," concerns a frustrated painter and free-lance photographer, Sam Raymond, who is stranded in Rome during the balloting for a new Pope. Sam meets an attractive Italian-American ballad singer named Carla Caneli, whose expatriate closet is thoroughly cluttered with childhood skeletons, career disappointments, gin bottles, and the patent leather shoes of gigolos. Beneath the surface of this humiliated ruin of a girl, however, lies a lovely durability of spirit. She gives Sam a fleeting awe for life itself, an assurance that there is in him, too, the eternal promise of spring.

Sam is so bewitched by Carla's elusive spiritual attraction that he embarks upon a long program for her rehabilitation. (The theme—that of the older man hopelessly bound to a bizarrely neurotic young girl—is reminiscent of an earlier Callaghan novel, "The Loved and the Lost.") Such missions are never simple, though, either for the healer or the healed; when the patient begins to function alone, the doctor-savior-lover, regardless of his pride of accomplishment, must face the emotional desertion. Sam understands, almost too late, that the loss is tolerable only when the healer's own life is meaningful, when he himself is free of crutches and balms.

These ideas are hardly new in fiction, but Callaghan manages to keep the telling unpredictable and always interesting. Though the novel at first seems bland and rather contrived, he imposes physical details and life-rhythms so subtly on the reader that everything eventually becomes believable.

The book's title may ring of second-rate magazine fiction, but it is meaningful in that this is, in the broader sense, a religious novel. The "passion" of the papal funeral, with its mixture of the sensual and the spiritual, creates a symbolic counterpoint to the love story. The Roman scene, even in the shadow of death, speaks an exultant challenge to the ages: "There is still life!"

All this could have been handled clumsily, even ridiculously; but Callaghan carries it off. Despite a style that is occasionally careless, he has given us a deserving book—one that (as is all too rare in modern fiction) works its way out of the human rubble and leaves the reader with a genuine sense of grandeur.

Duels and Seductions

***"The Lattimer Legend," by Ann Hebson** (Macmillan. 325 pp. $4.50), recalls a family's Civil War history as discovered by a modern descendant searching for meaning in his life. A revised edition of Lillian Smith's "Killers of the Dream" will be published this month.*

By Lillian Smith

EVERYTHING old and new is in this book: a pregnant spy (Kate) who sews sticks of dynamite in her hoopskirt; a Civil War fought in the border states, where the conflict tears men's consciences and hearts to pieces; a brash, naïve girl (the same Kate, but younger) whom a famed Kentucky politician wouldn't sleep with—despite her pleas—because she was a virgin; a wacky young gentleman who offered to help her take care of that; a puritan-pervert named Jonathan Lattimer, who demanded that Kate, whom he married, not enjoy the "awful pleasures" of the marriage bed that he succumbed to; plus a very funny duel, plus the people of the Ridge who are left out of most Civil War stories, plus a vivid picture of a pre-Civil War farm without the fanciness of Tara; all this—and a Fourth of July in 1960, a telegram from ex-President Eisenhower, and about a dozen seductions.

Ann Hebson—reckless in an age of fictional austerity.

Ann Hebson dared come to grips with this mishmash of materials, enough to defeat the most experienced modern craftsman. Old Balzac took this sort of thing in his stride, Hugo did all right with it, and Dostoevsky, of course, could manage anything. But it was reckless of Hebson in this age of fictional austerity. Twenty pages of her material would suffice for two smart little novels of today.

Has she brought it off? Almost: by pushing most of this lively stuff back a hundred years, straining it through Kate's diary, fusing it with the resonance of an old, old house, and using

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what was left as counterpoint to Tom Lattimer's search (1960) for meaning in his life. Tom, a paratrooper in the Second World War and a prisoner in the Korean debâcle, is a well-heeled, sophisticated man of forty. Kate was Tom's great-stepgrandmother. He discovered her diaries in Grandpa's old house and promptly fell in love with her, as he had done with quite a few other wenches from Sea Island to Cincinnati, including his wife, Cora.

But—and here Ann Hebson shows expert skill and a nice grasp of psychological complexities—his love for this mythic Kate puts him on the right path in his search, and he finally sees what he has been looking for all his life and what he has refused to look for.

Tom's and Cora's relationship with each other is candid and terrible and sweet. Both have awareness, a gawky humor, lusty bodies, keen minds; both know compassion, and both have felt the terror of being lost. The last chapters of the book should be deeply moving to any literate, honest, warm person. How the cold little snakes will react, I just don't know.

But the author did her best work on Grandpa, a Confederate Rebel, aged 110. He enters the book in a wheel chair with cartoonish glibness, and this reader thought, "Well, here we go again." But no. Miss Hebson does a masterful job on Grandpa. She slowly peels off the flat lines of the stereotype that Grandpa had made of himself, and shows us a deeply feeling, aching, dreaming, shining young boy still alive in the old man. Grandpa is, I suspect, her symbol for life itself: ridiculous, warped, absurd, nasty, violent, young, brave, rotted, yearning human life.

The novel is old-fashioned in its use of rich materials, and almost new-fashioned in its refusal to conform to the current fashion of writing about schizophrenics in a schizophrenic manner. Yes, I know: our times are schizoid, we are all split and fractured and dehumanized; art has lost its object and literature has lost the whole human being, and the sensitive young are ashamed to hope. But writers cannot, for long, reject their relationship with the past or with the uncreated future. I like this book because its author seems to know this. She has verbal brilliance but stifles it, somehow; she does not tap the resources of the mythic mind as often as she might; she forgets that a sexual encounter may not always engross the mature reader unless it is multileveled in its meaning. But she has written an interesting book, full of laughter and earthy wisdom, which many will enjoy, and think about afterward.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DEVILMENT: The tin Satan referred to in the title of the vicious but nonetheless amusing first novel by the young poet Daryl Hine, **"The Prince of Darkness & Co."** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.95), is a celebrated English poet and popular historical novelist named Phillip Sparrow. Presumably modeled after a flesh-and-blood poet who also composes historical fiction, Phillip lives in self-imposed exile on an exotic Spanish and tourist-flavored island called Xanadu. At his cliffside dwelling, a grotesque combination of an eighteenth-century English manor and a Mediterranean villa, he egotistically presides over his entourage, which includes, among others, his somewhat vapid wife, Coral; his mysteriously aloof thirteen-year-old son, Byron; a typical poet named William, who is, of course, a type, and a female alcoholic whose sex theories out-Freud Freud. What gives Phillip his diabolic identity is his all-consuming interest in witchcraft. "He would have conjured up the devil," writes author Hine, "were he not afraid that sinister spirit might prove a bore."

Curiously enough, Phillip does conjure up the devil or, at least, some fiendish devilment at his annual midsummer night birthday party (Xanadu's most extravagant orgy next to the festival of Our Lady of the Sea), which serves as a climax to this antic satire. Among the guests is Eva Brundidge, an aging movie queen who is known as "The Vampire" not only because she habitually plays vampire roles (both on and off the screen) but also because she has vampire appeal. "She reminds us," writes Mr. Hine, "of how at times and secretly, we issue from the mausolea of our days in search of love and prey and satisfaction." If Eva's presence is unhappy for Phillip's orgy, it is felicitous for Mr. Hine's novel, proving, in this case at least, that vampires are more amusing than poets. The rest of "The Prince of Darkness & Co." is essentially an unrelieved attack on Phillip, which, though often brilliant, verges, like too much of anything, on the point of boredom. Hell, indeed, has no fury like a poet's scorn of another poet.

—Iola Haverstick.

MUD HUTS AND MYSTICISM: Scholarly cockroaches, mynas with delicious little chuckles, a lady lizard that closed her eyes and allowed her head to be stroked, scorpions and centipedes that made quick entrances and exits reminiscent of Disney nature films, churlish storks that pounded on the veranda and growled, mosquitoes that sat and thought, curious flies, roaring beetles like airplanes with fuzzy yellow passengers, shameless rats without poise—these and numerous other fauna shared a mud hut in India with John Berry. The author, a native of Southern California, spent three years in that country and liked very little of it, though it gave him material for his first book, a novel called "Krishna Fluting," and now for eight stories in the collection **"Flight of White Crows"** (Macmillan, $3.95).

If these stories suggest that India is populated mainly by neurotic foreigners, perhaps that's as the author saw it. He seems to have been deeply injured by his experience of an Indian university community where he was not accepted into Indian life. He reports that he is not insensitive to the occult and (oddly phrased in French) that he is a mystic who at heart believes in nothing.

Added to the partially interlocking stories are three tales of the supernatural, not concerned with India, and a collection of brief philosophical exercises fictitiously attributed to a recent Indian sage. The eight stories are more rewarding.

—William Clifford.

"AND HAVE NOT CHARITY": "We are conditioned by so many things—our childhood, our faith or lack of it, those whom we love and hurt seeking to hurt ourselves hurting them. . . There is a twist and tangle to all of us. I haven't learned much in my almost forty years, but this I think is true: without love, without sacrificial love, the potential for evil in us is very great."

That was Martha talking to her son Tad; Martha "who had fought for compassion within herself and had found it." And those are the thoughts that Dorothy Salisbury Davis illustrates and illuminates over and over in her complex and generally engrossing novel,

(*Continued on page* 58)

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The Uses of Dissent

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is dean of the School of Library Science, University of Southern California.*

HERESY in its historical meaning indicates an *act of choice,* whether good or bad—an opinion or doctrine at variance with the orthodox or accepted doctrine. In the New Testament the word implies disparagement or condemnation, being applied to the Pharisees and Sadducees and to Christianity itself by its opponents. The early Christian Church always made a distinction between heretics who obstinately persisted in their heresy, and heretics merely through error, or who had been born in heresy. The Church Fathers declare themselves ignorant of the final condition of the latter.

In the sixteenth century the reformers in the Protestant movement were heretics because they held views contrary to those in vogue at the time. When they organized churches of their own, they became schismatics. In turn their own members who dissented became heretics. The heretic has been so often the prophet of the future that a certain glory now covers the word; it does not necessarily follow, however, that because a man differs with the past, the future will agree with him.

Education presupposes and accepts the need for orthodoxy and commonly held beliefs as a basis for thought, conduct, and action in any organized society; heresy is not permitted in relation to the multiplication table, and even exploratory science must be based on a background of knowledge. As one scholar has said, "Science has its orthodoxy as well as its religion. There are things which a scientific man may not believe, and things which he may not disbelieve without treason to the brotherhood of his craft."

Some are so sensitive to adverse criticism that they join the very thing they oppose rather than lose identity with the group. It is the strong man who will not yield even if it means that he stands alone. To what extent should the good life be emancipated from the herd? The great discoverers and thinkers have had to leave the herd and withstand hostility because of their independence.

Even in the matter of books and reading there is mass popularity and few are the dissenters who disagree with the favorable opinion which is accorded a best-seller. Instead of discriminating reading, the herd follows the cult of what is popular and what one *should* have read in order to discuss it across bridge tables.

THERE is need for the individual who has moral courage to confront the opposition of colleagues or the public in behalf of principles. A rumor that circulated recently in one of our major universities implies that in a committee meeting of approximately twenty-five members of the faculty only one person had the courage to challenge a questionable action of a powerful and influential member of the administration who was present. The case involved intellectual freedom. The other twenty-four persons sensed the attitude of the administrator and gave either vocal or silent assent to his point of view. Yet a number of persons were, in principle, personally opposed to his action. Fear of his disapproval or of dismissal held them silent.

But one should not be independent for the sake of independence alone; one does not become a hedgehog, covered with bristles, to keep people at a distance. Raucousness and disagreement are not ends in themselves. As Jacques Barzun has said, criticism is supposed to demonstrate an opponent's error or the merits of a better idea—intellectual work *par excellence.* Barzun believes that intellect permits debate instead of battle, reciprocity instead of childish self-will, and tradition instead of perpetual recommencement. To him stupidity is nature's favorite resource for preserving steadiness of conduct and consistency of opinion.

Moral courage and character go hand in hand. A person without character may demonstrate random spurts of courage, as Allan Nevins has pointed out in the case of Aaron Burr, when in the election of 1800 Burr would not bargain with the Federalists for the Presidency. Yet a man of real character is consistently courageous, being imbued with a basic integrity and a firm sense of principle.

Criticism, condemnation, even ostracism, may befall the heretic, yet an age-old adage reminds us that truth can proceed only from large and noble and free personalities. The great thinkers from Confucius to the Greek philosophers, from the Renaissance to Dewey to the present day, have advocated freedom of mind and real freedom of discussion—for the conversation of a *society,* for considered and matured convictions, for gaiety of mind, and, as Yeats advocated, the kind of agreement that comes with, not instead of, the free play of intellect.

We need not only critics on the hearth, but on the heath and on the moor, in the market place and in every profession. We need men who are obsessed with a pursuit of new ideas, new theories, new ways of working, a versatility of mind, a zeal for catching the gleam that was in the minds of the early philosophers and discoverers. We need men of courage, men who will be heretics if need be.

—MARTHA BOAZ.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COUNTERATTACK

PLEASE ALLOW ME to correct the following errata occurring in William Van O'Connor's review of "Spirit Lake" [*SR*, Oct. 21]. First: this novel is not "set mostly in Minnesota Territory, in what is now northern Iowa." Northern Iowa was never a part of Minnesota Territory. Second: there is no scene in this novel in which Inkpaduta leads an attack against a settlement of whites at Red Wing. Third: there is no family in this novel named Markans. Fourth: there is no widow in this novel named Rush. Perhaps I could have wished that Mr. O'Connor had read my novel before attempting to review it, but that would have been asking too much.

MACKINLAY KANTOR.

Sarasota, Fla.

THE REVIEWER REPLIES

WHERE DUE, apologies are tendered to Mr. Kantor. I shall take his points in order. First: Iowa is not a part of Minnesota Territory. Okay, but the story is laid in the Minnesota Territory and northern Iowa. immediately south of the Minnesota line. Second: Inkpaduta doesn't lead an attack on the Red Wing Community. Not Red Wing, but Red Wing community, outlying cabins, etc. Third: No family named Markans. Name is Markham. Typist? Reviewer? Both? Fourth: No widow named Rush. Name is Rusk. I cite No. 3 above.

Mr. Kantor wishes I had read the book. By the great spirit Manitou and the shining waters I swear I did, every last page. But having lived through 950-odd pages of rape, rapine, ruth, slaughter, rotting food, icy rain, bleeding scalps, and stinking tepees, with side trips to France, and having sometimes moved off the prairie to wade waist-deep in molasses, one could, I believe, be forgiven, about page 900, for forgetting one's own name. But let us not end on a negative note. Those whose spirits quiver at the thought of a raised tomahawk and who respond to the sight of a wagon pushing westward will enjoy "Spirit Lake." I enjoyed it.

WILLIAM VAN O'CONNOR.

Davis, Calif.

TRIBUTE

I WAS DEEPLY moved by Andrew W. Cordier's tribute to the late Dag Hammarskjold [*SR*, Oct. 21]. As Mr. Cordier said, "Let us not be ashamed to shed some tears over our loss, nor shrink from reflection of the void that has been created for us and for the world, but let this be a part of our rededication to the task which he so nobly advanced."

As I see it, the U.N., although threatened by Russian proposals to weaken it . . ., may yet emerge stronger if ordinary people everywhere awaken to the value of the world organization and the need for strengthening it. . . .

The United Nations is a battlefield of peace. . . . We must stay in the fight for peace and do everything in our power to make the peace agency stronger.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

Glendale, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Now if we can just invent a way to put it out."

PROBLEMS OF THE CITY

I WAS IMPRESSED by the eloquence of John LaFarge, S.J., in "Brutality and the City" [*SR*, Oct. 21]. However, it appears to me that an issue of fundamental importance was neglected. We all deplore the juvenile delinquency and slum areas in our big cities. Notwithstanding the merits of urban expansion and renewal guided by the "lamp of divinely inspired moral purpose," it might be well to point out some further facts. The New York City Youth Board in 1957 undertook a study of 150 "multi-problem" families. On the average these families had more than four times the number of children than the average family in the whole of New York City. Furthermore, half of these families were entirely supported by public welfare funds.

A major difficulty is that the unskilled and semiskilled breadwinner in these families does not earn enough to clothe, house, and educate his large family properly. It would be a great service to the "in-migrants" to make instruction in modern contraceptive methods for family planning freely and readily accessible to them, including follow-up by public welfare teams. A forceful program such as this, conjunctive with long-term urban renewal, will eventually put these people in a position to help themselves, where their resources will be adequate to enable them to raise their intellectual and material lives, rather than vice versa. Otherwise we may be unwittingly clearing the weeds from the field, but leaving the coiled snake in the grass.

RAY ORLOSKI,
Department of Chemistry,
University of California.

Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN LAFARGE'S article is a naïve little story full of Christian clichés offering platitudes for solutions.

Religion and morals are of little value to the youngster whose mother prostitutes, whose father is alcoholic, and who is lucky to get one clean shirt and one square meal a week. Overcrowded conditions, poor education, crime, and hunger inevitably go hand in hand.

Christianity has done little to alleviate human suffering and I fail to see where it offers a promise for the future when one of its representatives suggests that only the "Lord knows" how much bigger the megalopolis of New York will get.

The obvious necessity for population control as well as a world ethic based on man's responsibility to man may not solve all problems immediately but at least promises a hope for the future . . .

MARION A. CRUSH.

Carmel Valley, Calif.

FATHER LAFARGE'S article is the most penetrating analysis I've seen of what ails the burgeoning American city. Until we begin to solve the problem of violence and brutality by getting at its real roots, we are going to face the same old dilemmas. And Father LaFarge suggests what those real roots are.

L. R. WESTON.

Jacksonville, Fla.

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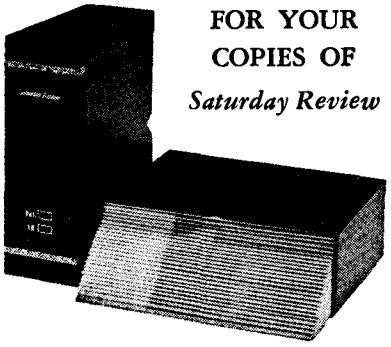

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Dissertation on Roast Corn

ALTHOUGH I have no ready references to prove it, I would guess that "corny" derives as the description of those works of art palatable to a rural population (of some generations past, naturally). It suggests a broadening, a sweetening, a synthetic sentimentality patterned for quick appeal and ready acceptance on the lowest level. Obviously, "corn" is more a matter of approach than of ingredients. The loftiest theme can be given the cornball treatment, and the TV channels are crowded with basic truths slathered in corn syrup. "Corn" does not sugar-coat a pill of wisdom; it debases and destroys it.

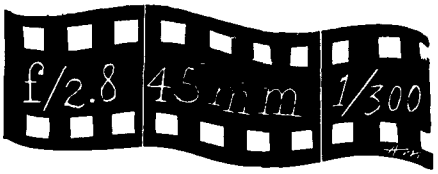
Like the cereal for which it was named, "corn" comes in many varieties, some of which are palatable. Back in the Thirties, for example, Damon Runyon invented an underworld of guys and dolls with such improbable names as Harry the Horse, Nicely-Nicely Johnson, and Apple Annie. They wore their hearts of gold on their sleeves, and spoke in circumlocutional euphuisms more elegant than anything heard since the age of Elizabeth. No one could take them seriously. No one for a moment imagined that their true-life counterparts, henchmen of Al Capone and organizers of Murder, Inc., either spoke, acted, or reacted in the grand, Runyonesque manner. Runyon never asked that his sentimental gangsters and horse-players be believed, merely that they amuse. And amuse they did, first in the pages of *Collier's*, then in such movies as "Broadway Bill," "Little Miss Marker," and "Lady for a Day." Admittedly, they were "corny," but they had a winning verve, directness, and lack of pretense that they aspired to anything more.

This is what Frank Capra overlooked in **"Pocketful of Miracles,"** a reworking of his 1933 success, "Lady for a Day." His new film is overlong, overelaborate, and pretentious. It takes almost an hour to get its central plot under way, the transformation of Apple Annie from a raddled Broadway apple vendor into a handsome lady. It underlines each story point half a dozen times, producing an effect less of whimsy than of whamsy. And it makes the fundamental error of taking its people seriously, at least to the extent of providing rational motives for irrational actions.

Nor does the large, expensive cast help matters very much. Glenn Ford, as a superstitious racketeer who believes that an apple a day keeps morticians away, seems to feel that ranting, gesticulating, and wearing loud suits constitute a comic performance. Bette Davis makes her Apple Annie so physically repulsive and so nastily domineering that one suspects her panhandling friends would sooner rub her out than fix her up. Peter Falk as a tough-talking, harebrained gunsel soon wears thin. And Arthur O'Connell is completely lost beneath the white wig and vast goatee of a Spanish nobleman. Only Edward Everett Horton, sniggering and mincing in his familiar fashion, brings any sense of fun to the picture.

Honesty compels me to add that the preview audience seemed to be having a grand time. But isn't that what "corn" is all about?

"Summer and Smoke," not one of Tennessee Williams's proudest achievements, verges perilously close to "corn" in Hal Wallis's distended production.



If it is saved at all (and my guess is that for many it won't be), it is through the poignant performance of Geraldine Page as a spinster unable to win the man she loves. Miss Page, like Lillian Gish in the silent era, can summon up whole worlds of anguish in the tremble of a lip or suggest fragile helplessness with the flutter of a handkerchief. Her voice is surely the most controlled, flexible, and beautiful of any on the American screen today. And here, of course, she is recreating the role that first won her attention on Broadway. She knows every nuance of the proud, repressed Alma Winemiller, and brings her thoroughly to life.

Unfortunately, with Lawrence Harvey as the young doctor with whom she falls so desperately in love, Alma's *grande passion* is a little hard to accept. Admittedly, the fault is not entirely Harvey's, but he tends to accentuate the callow, cruel aspects of the Williams character without revealing also the core of integrity that drew Alma to him. Under Peter Glenville's stagey direction, their agonies seem as arbitrary, contrived—and prolonged—as those of the heroes and heroines of the afternoon soap operas.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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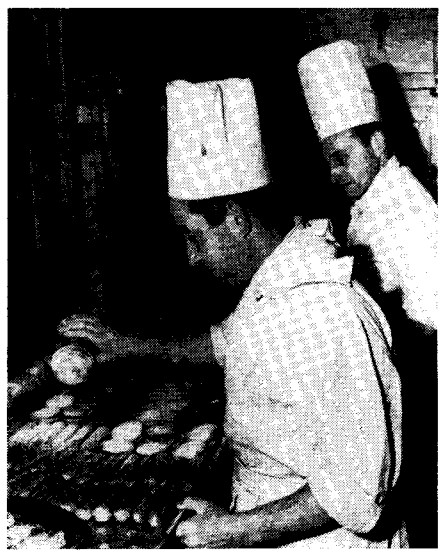
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Into the Valley of the Gastronomes

I SEEM to have a predilection—certainly it is not by design—for arriving in Paris in a driving rain on the eve of the annual automobile show. Taxis are filled with people who found them in ways unknown to me, and hotel rooms are about as easy to come by as an order of *fraises des bois* in Moscow in January. By the strange circumlocutions of fate I found myself the other night, hotel reservations uncertain, lumbering through the rain-soaked traffic along the Avenue Wagram. The Champs-Elysées, once we had circled the Etoile, that motorized carousel of high chance, was a frozen floe of cars that seemed certain not to come unhinged until the spring thaw. As we edged down it at full glacial speed, I thought—heavens, there was time to reflect on the history of man from paleolithic to Presley—with little charity, perhaps, of those flacks who, one way or another, have been having at me all summer, urging me to sample the Open House in Europe, their term for the autumn social season.

It was only through the intercession of highly placed friends that I was able to find space for one night at the Hotel Commodore, a small, commercial, but altogether friendly place on the Boulevard Haussmann not far from the inelegant environs of the Boulevard des Italiens, the Sixth Avenue of Paris. Comfortable enough, the Commodore has the further virtue of being near the Opéra and within walking distance of the venerable establishment of Pierre on Place Gaillon, and across the street from the equally dependable Drouant. Dinner the night we arrived would be a warm-up for the road ahead, for I had laid out a three-night, four-day excursion to the Côte d'Azur following the great gastronomic trail of France. It would take us south through the greatest eating lands of France, by way of Burgundy and Provence. We toned up for it with a lobster bisque at Drouant, which I think is the greatest one I ever burned my tongue on, and I would have been content to quit right there. We followed it with grilled *rouget,* which is red mullet, and chose a Meursault by way of saluting the territory we would shortly be invading. The figs were as misty and blue as an autumn twilight and we had them and skittered back to the hotel through the wet Paris streets so often painted by the artists whose works hang in the *shlok* art houses of New York's West Forties.

The establishment of the Hertz drive-yourself car rental company, tucked away as it is on an obscure street near the Etoile, was a pleasant bedlam of ringing phones and cooperative clerks. It undoubtedly *was* open house in Europe and everyone had shown up. Hertz was short three cars to cover its reservations, and in the garage mechanics were frantically checking tires and washing cars that had just come in



Haute cuisine in Paris begins at Les Halles, left, one of the world's most intriguing markets, complete with its own restaurants. It reaches a high point in such kitchens as that of the Hotel George V, right, where it takes two chefs to tend a flock of eclairs.

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that morning, getting them ready for new excursionists. At the desks the clerks were more sympathetic than the reception desk of a harried hotel I had stopped at that morning. There the *sous-directeur* was dismissing a plea for a room with finality, boredom, and dispatch. "Why don't the Paris hoteliers permit some new hotels to be built?" I said to him idly when he had hung up. "Ah m'sieu," he said shrugging off the annual flurry of the auto show, "for one week it is not worth it." There in a nut, I thought, was the characteristic air of Parisian reaction where, despite the advancements of the air age and the jet age, even the super luxury liner age, no new hotel save the fifty-room Royal Alma has been built since the Thirties. The much-heralded project to build one at the Gare d'Orsay, announced over a year ago, is still in the talking stage. A commission has promised to announce at the end of this year which group, among the many that are interested, will be awarded the contract. A cornerstone has already been laid for another project at the Gare Montparnasse, a vast complex of stadiums and theatres which will also include a hotel. However, the hotel is presently listed as stage four in the five-stage program and it seems now that the Gare d'Orsay hotel, should it indeed be built, will be in business before the one in Montparnasse. The Parisians, who have such a well-developed talent for inhaling the best of life without recourse to remorse or recrimination, have, on the other hand, little aptitude, or even anxiousness, these days for building new worlds soon enough for the builders and planners themselves to savor them.

IT was a long and tortuous ride through the city—a fencing match in the tiny alleys, then the madness of the Etoile again, the grandeur of the Champs and of the Concorde even with oneself at the wheel. I followed the herd over the bridge, found the Boulevard Raspail, got lost in the St. Germain des Près, found the Avenue du General Leclerc, and finally found the new highway that runs past Orly Field. The sun was shining on Fontainebleau and we veered off the highway for a look at the royal castle which is now shared by tourists and the officers of the NATO nations. We crossed the forests where the kings of France went hunting and we were in Sens in time for a late lunch at the trig little inn of Maurice Sandré, known as the Hotel de Paris et de la Poste. In a private hall behind a closed glass door a wedding party was at work on *dodine de canard Nantais Montmorency, mousseline de brochet homardine, jambon du Morvan braisé Sauce Madère* with *crème de champignons, pintadeaux de Bresse Grand Veneur forestière* and *salade mimosa, fromages,* wedding cake, *bombe glacée Brésilienne, petits fours,* and a *corbeille de fruits.* A dozen bouquets of white flowers had been parked outside the door. Beyond it the relatives moved and motioned, toasted and ate like a scene from a French movie played in an art theatre that had lost its sound.

As for us, we opened with *saucisson chaud de Beaujolais,* for which, among a number of other delights, Mr. Sandré's establishment is famous. We ended it with a *baba au rhum* which I had always viewed as a sodden sweet to which the baker had done as much as possible. M. Sandré's maître d'hotel had quite other ideas, for he drilled a hole in the *baba,* then shook it full of rum from a bottle. He bathed it in a custard sauce, swathed it in whipped cream, and then dusted it all in a blizzard of sugar.

NOW the French may be able to ingest this sort of fare and remain vertical indefinitely, but it became clear to me (and would have, I suspect, to anyone who had been in the same room with the *baba)* why the highway authorities limit tourists to a speed of sixty-two miles an hour. We tried to walk it off with a stroll in front of the St. Etienne Cathedral, built on the main street of Sens, which was begun in 1130 and finished in 1168 by William of Sens, who later built the choir of Canterbury Cathedral. It was about all the information we could take aboard, and we released the brake and rolled onward along the edge of the River Yonne, a tributary of the Seine that followed us as doggedly as a dentist bill as we drove deeper into the valley of the gastronomes.

Just before Avallon, where we were scheduled to encamp for the night in the hotel appended to one of the ten three-star restaurants of France, we took a short detour down a country lane and climbed the winding road to the ancient walled city of Vezelay, one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in the Christian world. St. Bernard and Richard Coeur de Lion trod the cobbles and so did the popes who had come to pray at the remains of St. Mary Magdalene which reputedly were buried here. The population of 10,000 has long since fallen off to 562. Now only the tourists come and they are urged to leave their cars in the square near the Hotel de la Poste et du Lion, where the town begins, and walk up to the main street high above the valley. We came in the approaching twilight of an autumn afternoon and by then even the tourists were gone. There was time only to walk through the enormous church of Ste-Madeleine, built variously from the eleventh to the

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thirteenth centuries for an abbey that had been founded in 864.

We circled behind the Basilica where a lovely garden shaded with chestnut trees waits for picnickers. The blackbirds in the trees were already bickering for their branches when we got there, but in the approaching grayness we could look out from the terrace at the garden's edge to a view that had changed very little in the last 700 or 800 years. There was the River Cure covered by the furry trees that border it, swinging in a curve and disappearing behind the next hill. Just in front were the jumble of houses of the village called St. Père, where in the ninth century Count Girard, the regent of all France from Lyons south to the Mediterranean, established a convent for women. Lying in the open valley and full of women, it fell like a ripe mango into the hands of the Normans. The nuns were replaced by monks, who prudently sought out the hilltop site, where they built a fortress and an abbey that became Vezelay. A piece of the original wall of that settlement is still in the crypt. The veneration of Mary Magdalene began in the middle of the eleventh century when a rumor began that Count Girard had sent a monk to fetch Mary's last remains. A papal decree confirmed the rumor and the pilgrimages began until Vezelay ranked only after Rome and Jerusalem and Santiago de Compostela, which is known as the Mecca of Spain.

THROUGH the centuries suspicions about Mary Magdalene persisted as surely as avowals that the remains in the church were truly hers. But Vezelay declined. Today three monks care for the church, and every July 22 a mass is celebrated in her honor, and a procession carries relics, if they are hers, down the hill to the hotel square and back, just as has been done for more than 800 years. Recently a spectacle of sound and light, said to be the most dramatic in France, has been staged on summer nights. But the summer was done and there was nothing left for the evening except to proceed to the Hostellerie de la Poste in Avallon where Napoleon once slept, after, we presume, having dined as splendidly as we.

One could pass by the Hostellerie de la Poste and never notice it (indeed, one could roll right through Avallon without being intrigued to pause), but the sharp turn into a nearly hidden driveway brings the wayfarer into a world of warm delights. Small tables with lighted lamps are set up along the sidewalks inside the yard, and the cobbled road leads off to rich flower gardens bathed in floodlights. Hanging over this spectacle is a rustic second-story porch that functions, as well, as the hallway to several rooms,

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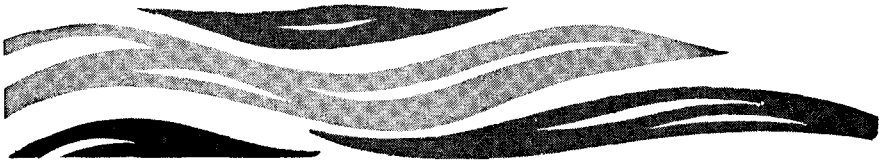

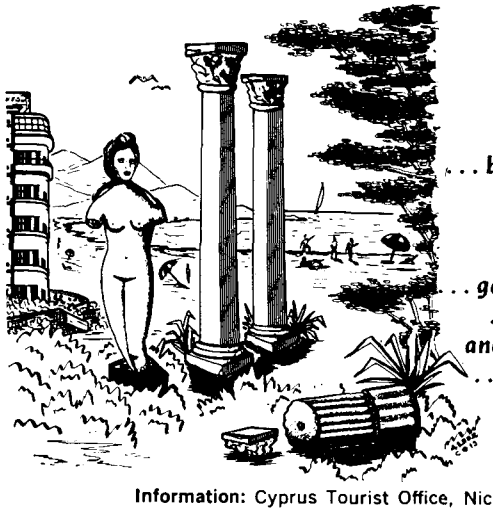

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but as comfortable as the quarters are—one room has a balcony from which Napoleon is supposed to have addressed the local populace—the fame of the house is its elegant cuisine. It serves a table-d'hôte dinner so long and so rich that Americans not used to the cuisine would do well to fast the day before. They might do well to save up, too, for the fixed price is 38 new francs (4.86 to the dollar) to which one must add the wine, the water, the coffee, and 20 per cent in tips and taxes.

Here, at the beginnings of Burgundy, the Poste's persnickety *sommelier* scarcely deigns to consider, much less serve, a Bordeaux. Nor does he break out the oversized Burgundy glasses for anything less than a Romanée Conti, and the Romanée Contis on the wine list ran as high as $50 a bottle. When an American hotelier in our party consulted a pocket-sized wine chart he habitually carries, the wine steward was inspired to break out into great harumphs of disdain. We did better with the chef, and among *his* productions I feel I should take notice of an unusual loaf made of pressed pike served with a mousseline of watercress that had been put through the blender, the crayfish imported from Strasbourg in a rich and spicy broth and *la tarte aux pommes des demoiselles Tatin* which arrived warm and magnificent.

IN the game of restaurant and resort one-upmanship I was, long after I had left Avallon and was still talking about it, put on to the Moulin des Ruats, at Vallée du Cousin-par-Avallon, two miles from town. The recommendation came from French-American friends whose taste in such matters I eminently respect. I find, now, that it is also one of four hotels recommended in the Burgundy area by the French government's tourist office (which calls it a "charming small inn"), and I feel I would be remiss if I didn't pass along this intelligence, albeit second hand, to you. Perhaps I had better add, for the benefit of those who collect Michelin-awarded stars as status symbols of the stomach, that the Moulin has but one, although Michelin *does* give it three crossed knives and forks in red which mean "very comfortable and pleasant restaurant." Those who eat in the best restaurants of France, and thus collect stars, ought to be given some reward, I have been thinking. Ten stars in one week ought to be good for a free bicarb at any French *Pharmacie*, and those who pile up, say, fifty in a month ought to get a free weekend at Vichy. They'll need it.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the first of a series of articles from Europe.)

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YOU NEVER can tell about the artists who make our children's picture books. Some are bright meteors streaking across the sky. These obviously, if not writers of their own books, have been given weak texts to illustrate—or they make only a few children's books, not for a living, but for experimental fun. In a season or two they are gone.

Some illustrators have been with us for years with scarcely a change in style or technique, yet their names are household words, or at least library words. Others have stayed because they have the ability to write their own books, or because their work grows: they can change style and technique to suit the feeling of the book.

This season there seem to be no bright *new* stars, except the Italian artist Beni Montresor, a stage designer who did his first picture book last year. Now he has illustrated three books, two in interesting color. He has recently come to this country with a permanent visa, and will write the text of his own picture book for Knopf. The tentative title is "House of Flowers, House of Stars," and this should give him scope for his imagination. His work is certainly something to watch. At times we adults grow overexcited too soon about new artists, and treat the picture books as though they were an art show put on especially for our benefit.

They are children's books. This cannot be repeated too often. As the spectaculars of the whole field, they sometimes seem, especially to those who write books for older children, to get more than their fair share of attention. But they are often more original and joyous in text, as well as better illustrated and designed, than most of the books in other groups. The hand of the artist is in them, not that of the illustrator given a routine job, as too often happens.

The best of the read-aloud picture books are joined now in their freshness and gaiety by a *few* of the "easy to read" books and the language ones. Some of these were reviewed in September.

But again—all these are books for young children, and we must never let ourselves forget it. To live for any length of time, a child's book needs to communicate both in text and pictures; lately some of them seem to talk to themselves, or to have paper-thin, almost invisible ideas. Give children a chance to have books with interesting pictures of all kinds—and real stories, not all attempts at *mood*. Then we shall keep the child with his book, the book for the child, and he may joyously share it with adults.

For picture credits see page 38

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COME AGAIN PELICAN. *By Don Freeman. Viking.* 44 *pp.* $3. A colorful book with spacious sweeps of beach—and an old pelican that is always there—a wonderful old pelican who can fill a whole double-page spread with outstretched wings. Ty goes fishing in his new red boots and loses one as he gets caught by the tide; it turns up in the pelican's wide bill. Ty exchanges a fish for the boot, and it has really been an exciting day. Later his mother and father ask what happened at the beach:

"Oh, I learned all about the tide," Ty says, "how it comes and goes and then comes again—just like my pelican friend." A big, lively, full-of-action book for small boys. Ages 4-8.

MOMMIES AT WORK. *By Eve Merriam. Illustrated by Beni Montresor. Knopf.* 32 *pp.* $3. It's exactly that: Mommies go to work, and these are the things they do. Is "atom-splitting Mommies" going to call for some explanation? Although his detail is somewhat unclear at times, Beni Montresor adds much to the brief text. We notice immediately that the artist, in spite of the fact that he uses only three colors—purple and gold with a black line—provides constant color surprises with unusual combinations, and at times achieves a splendid effect. However, in contrast a page may also be in gold and black or black and white only, if he so chooses. Take the time to consider "dancing Mommies," and that wonderful gold-and-purple house on the last page with children spilling out of every window and the sign, "Welcome home beautiful Mommy." The whole exuberant feeling of homecoming is there. Ages 4-6.

ONCE A MOUSE: An Old Fable Cut in Wood. *By Marcia Brown. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. There is no doubt that this stands out as one of the most striking books of the year, and one of this versatile artist's best. The old fable from India tells of the evils of pride: through the magic of a hermit a mouse becomes a cat, a dog, a Royal tiger. When at last he turns on his benefactor, he suddenly becomes once more a mouse, retreating into the jungle. For children the pleasure is in the transformations; older children will understand the meaning of the fable.

For adults, some of the interesting features of this book are its color, its pictorial economy, and the method of reproduction, which preserves the effect of the grain of the wood on which the artist cut her woodblocks.

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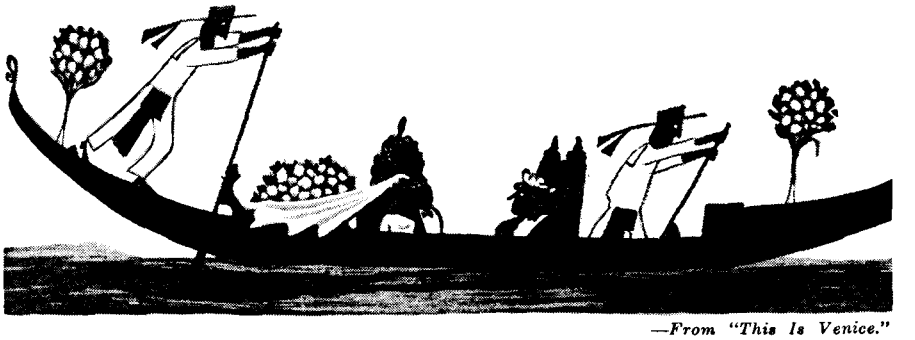

—From "This Is Venice."

A wide age range is suggested, but at ten the book would still be an art experience. Ages 5-10.

THIS IS VENICE. *By M. Sasek. Macmillan.* 68 *pp.* $3. By now Sasek's handsome guidebooks to the cities are "too well-known to need introduction." He has fun with Venice, city of canals, gondolas, tourists, and pigeons, and he gives wonderful sweeps of the Canal Grande and Piazza San Marco. In the over-gay color some of the feeling of Venice seems missing, and the text, as in preceding books, is adult. All ages.

WHEN YOU GO TO THE MOON. *By Claudia Lewis. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $3. Walt Whitman said it earlier:

> What do you see, Walt Whitman?
> I see a great round wonder rolling through the air . . .
> I see the curious silent change of the light and shade.

Now Claudia Lewis has given the same idea to children in an original way—letting the child, who is on the moon, see the earth from the moon, and, on other pages, *think* of the moon as seen from the earth.

> When I go to the moon
> What I want to see is the earth.
> I want to look back—
> No, not back but up—
> At that great lighted ball,
> This world,
> That will float there among the old stars
> Like a newly-created moon.

What a tremendous leap in understanding this calls for! At times the adult writer impinges on the child's ideas. Perhaps the age range given is too wide, especially as the artist, in his effort to keep the emotions of the boy visible, has given him a wholly inadequate moon suit, and apparently not much of an oxygen supply. A nine- or ten-year-old will remark on this, but he may still be interested in the idea of "the view from the moon." Ages 6-10.

THUMBELINA. *By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by R. P. Keigwin. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribners.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. Every little girl should have the joy of finding this under her Christmas tree. From the moment that tiny Thumbelina comes through the tall grasses on the title page the story with its luminous and imaginative water colors will lead a child into a miniature fairy world, in which the heroine remains always "as big as your thumb." Thumbelina in her walnut shell bed, terrified on a water lily pad, reassured as she is towed by a white butterfly, freezing in the snow, seeking shelter with the field mouse, keeping watch over the frozen swallow and being carried by him to the warm countries where, in a hibiscus flower, she meets her prince—all of it is exciting. I had never thought of the animals as wearing clothes, but if they do not, why does the mouse own a spindle? Children will find it quite logical. Ages 6-10.

AFTER THE SUN GOES DOWN. *Written and illustrated by Rainey Bennett. World.* 32 *pp.* $3. "Every night when the sun goes down, Bubba, Jane and Snapper wake up. Little owls sleep all day and play all night."

This is a story that is light as a soap bubble, but amusing, with interesting pictures. The three little owls find a red ribbon and play with it, losing it to other animals, and finally getting it back just in time to fly home to bed. Ages 4-7.

WHERE DOES EVERYONE GO? *By Aileen Fisher. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Crowell.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. A science-poetry book with imagination both in words and drawings—a book for wonder and questioning and the feel of the changing seasons. The boy who asks the questions sees the answers in the pictures or gives them himself, and the author does not hesitate to face the fact that most butterflies have a brief life and die in the fall. The story seems a little long, but I believe children will stay with it until winter and winter sports triumphantly displace fall. We have had many seasonal books; perhaps now all that can be said about seasons has been said. And we can always go back to Alvin Tresselt's charming books. Ages 5-9.

STRIPES AND SPOTS. *Written and illustrated by Dahlov Ipcar. Doubleday.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. This is what we might call a comfortable,

Picture credits for page 37, clockwise:

"Mommies at Work"
"Madeline in London"
"What Do You Do, Dear?"
"Once a Mouse"
"Stripes and Spots"
"Come Again Pelican"

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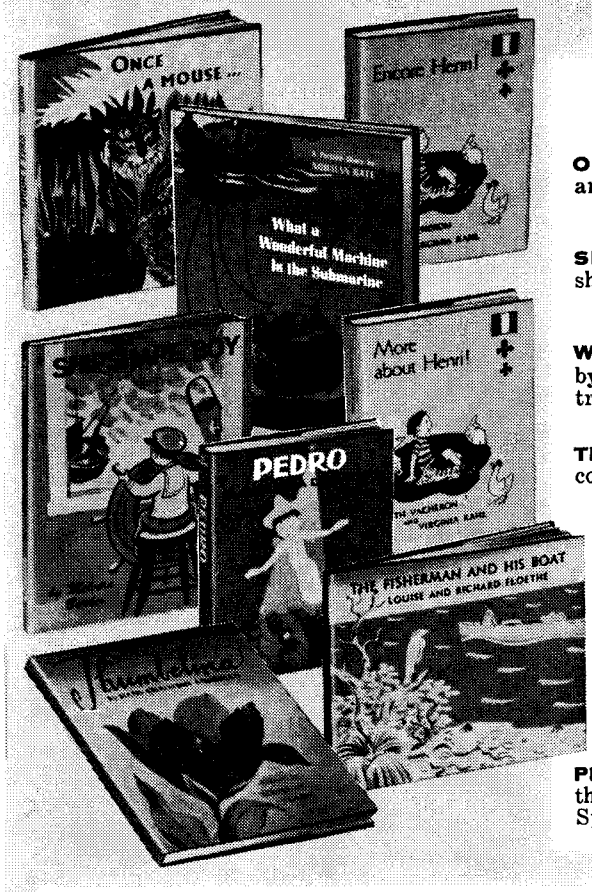
New Scribner books for young readers



New Picture Books

Marcia Brown

ONCE A MOUSE Illus. by the author. A vigorous retelling of an ancient Indian fable in woodcuts. Ages 4-10 $2.95

Melvern Barker

SHIPSHAPE BOY Illus. by the author. Little Tom learns to be shipshape aboard a tugboat. Ages 4-7 $2.95

Norman Bate

WHAT A WONDERFUL MACHINE IS THE SUBMARINE Illus. by the author. Traces the development of man's attempt to travel underwater. Ages 4-8 $2.75

Adrienne Adams

THUMBELINA By Hans Christian Andersen. Thumbelina comes vividly to life in exquisite drawings. Ages 5-9 $3.50

Louise Lee Floethe

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS BOAT Illus. by Richard Floethe. An exciting day in the life of a Florida fisherman. Ages 5-10 $2.95

Virginia Kahl and Edith Vacheron

ENCORE HENRI! AND MORE ABOUT HENRI! Illus. by Virginia Kahl. Henri and Michel are back in an English and a French version. Ages 6-9 $2.75 each

Leo Politi

PEDRO EL ÁNGEL DE LA CALLE OLVERA Illus. by the author. One of Leo Politi's most popular stories translated into Spanish. All ages $2.50

Books for Older Children

Alice E. Goudey

HERE COME THE DOLPHINS! Illus. by Garry MacKenzie. Describes the life cycle of the dolphin and his habits. Ages 6-10 $2.75

Nan Hayden Agle

MAKON AND THE DAUPHIN Illus. by Robert Frankenberg. A young Indian boy is taken from the New World to France. Ages 8-11 $2.95

Robert McCaig

THAT NESTER KID Drawings by Joseph Papin. Excitement and suspense in Montana about 1896. Ages 9-13 $2.95

Dola de Jong

THE LEVEL LAND Drawings by Peter Spier. Portrays the courage of a Dutch family in the early days of the war. Ages 10 and up $2.95

Jeanne Carbonnier

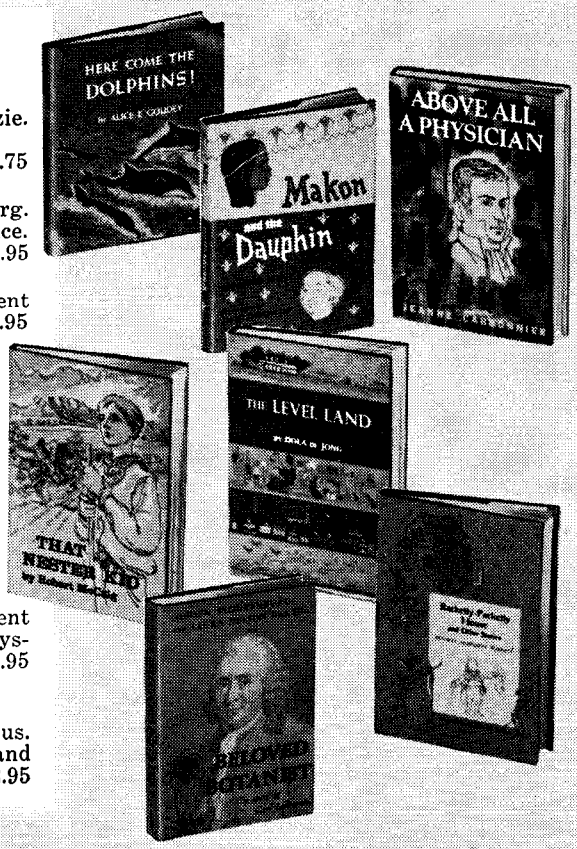
ABOVE ALL A PHYSICIAN Fascinating biography of Théophile Laennec, inventor of the stethoscope. Older boys and girls $2.95

Adrien Stoutenburg and Laura Nelson Baker

BELOVED BOTANIST: The Story of Carl Linnaeus. Excellent biography of the man who laid the foundations for modern systemic botany. Older boys and girls $2.95

Frances Hodgson Burnett

RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE AND OTHER STORIES Illus. by Harold Berson. Three delightful stories of the 1880's and 1890's. All ages $2.95



At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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attractive, though not especially distinguished picture book that quite small children will enjoy—and these books seem very scarce. Often this artist keeps to the farm—she lives on one—but here, using her customary exotic color, she goes for a walk in the jungle with a small striped tiger and a little spotted leopard. (No moral except that they are friends.) And at the end the return home to their big striped and spotted mothers is what children will love. It is thoroughly a child's book. Ages 4-6.

NOAH AND THE ARK. *By Harold Jones and Kathleen Lines. Watts.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. A long-shaped English picture book with a number of double-page spreads measuring twenty-two inches, which give the ark and its animal procession a very impressive setting. The story is simply retold by Kathleen Lines and, though it is not the Bible text, it makes a pleasant introduction for children. The pictures have an imaginative feeling of the flood; they are line drawings with soft blues and browns and gold applied. After some of the unsuccessfully "modern" picture books I've seen, this seems quite restful, especially as Harold Jones can draw. The double-page spread with the animals inside the ark is a picture with detail that children will pore over for a long time. And the story is one they will soon "read" for themselves, undoubtedly asking to have it read to them many times, then using their own simplifications. The book is expensive, but seems worth the price. Ages 5-8.

BEYOND THE HIGH HILLS: A Book of Eskimo Poems. *Photographs by Guy Mary-Rousselière. World.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. The poems—more strictly chants—were among those collected by Knud Rasmussen, Danish explorer in Arctic North America. The pictures in color were taken by a missionary priest. All have a strange, cold light.

> I arise from rest with movements swift
> As the beat of raven's wings
> I arise
> To meet the day
> My face is turned from the dark of night
> To gaze at the dawn of day
> Now whitening in the sky.

A handsome, individual book that compels attention and gives something to all ages of young people, as well as to adults interested in other cultures.

THE SNOW AND THE SUN. LA NIEVE Y EL SOL: A South American Folk Rhyme in Two Languages. *Woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi. Harcourt, Brace.* 32 *pp.* $3. Antonio Frasconi, an artist noted for his woodcuts, has made two other books for children, "See and Say," using words in two languages, and "The House That Jack Built" in French and English. This year he goes back to a folk rhyme remembered from his childhood in Uruguay, but uses his adaptation of a version from Argentina. Its start—"Snow that hurts my feet/Why are you bad?/I am not bad;/The sun is bad that melts me"—shows its European origin. For some time it goes on building up the things that are "bad" to the snow. Suddenly a cat and a rat appear, and the resemblance to two English folk tales begins. The illustrations are strong and striking to grown-ups, but not quite as near to children as Mr. Frasconi's other books. Ages 6-10.

MADELINE IN LONDON. *By Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking.* 56 *pp.* $3.50. Madeline is a most popular heroine, as everyone knows, though just in case you haven't met her before, a clever little pictorial run-down on former adventures starts the book. The pictures for the new adventure sparkle with color, and the story is amusing. In London, Madeline becomes homesick for Miss Clavel, who comes immediately by plane with all the other eleven little girls. Now a present has to be bought for Pepito, son of the Spanish Ambassador—and that's where the fun really begins. They buy a "retired" horse for him, and he and Madeline start out on a grand horseback tour of London. In one double-page spread, as mascots of the guard, they see Buckingham Palace. "The people below are stout and loyal/and those on the balcony mostly Royal/." England in a nutshell! The ending is an entertaining surprise. On the back flap is Bemelmans's Baedeker of London, so you can recognize the places. Almost all ages.

WHAT DO YOU DO, DEAR? *By Sesyle Joslin. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Young Scott Books.* 48 *pp.* $2.75. "A second handbook of etiquette for young ladies and gentlemen." A companion to "What Do You Say, Dear?" but not quite as funny. The children, recognizing their favorite television heroes or "bad men," may like it better. Though the children pictured in the book seem a little young for knights and Robin Hood, they have possibly seen them on the screen. The situations *are* absurd, the humor being largely in the pictures.

> You have just taken a great mouthful of pudding when into the dining room rides a handsome prince on a white horse. He says, "I am a handsome prince. Would you care to marry me?"
>
> What do you do, dear?
>
> Swallow what you are eating before you speak.

A LION IN THE TREE. *By Bill Sokol. Pantheon.* 32 *pp.* $3. Printed in dark green line throughout, except for a colorful jacket, this is a designer's book from beginning to end. It is also a book for the children of designers, and of some artists. Decidedly you should see it for yourself. The pictures are sometimes extremely unclear and lacking in communication.

Miranda daydreams during her violin practice that she is a lion tamer, and there is such a complicated dream-within-a-dream that it seems impossible for children to follow. Just when the lion in the dream springs for the tree in which she is sitting, Miranda awakens from the daydream. Nothing has happened. Dream stories usually disappoint children; daydreams are probably no exception. Ages 5-8.

Art Books for the Family

THE GRANDMA MOSES STORYBOOK. *Edited by Nora Kramer. Biographical sketch of Grandma Moses by Otto Kallin. Random House.* 141 *pp.* $5.95. From its advance publicity this big volume appeared to be unusual. The reality is a disappointment.

True, there are some factors that may make it worthy of being a gift for children this Christmas. The stories have been, on the whole, well selected: they are by writers whose work we know well; in subject matter they go with the pictures. Children will find here much about old-time America, and the introduction tells of the remarkable old lady who did her paintings between the ages of sixty-seven and one hundred.

But what the designer has done to the book is unkind. Paintings have borders that frequently kill the artist's colors. A moody winter picture is, for some reason, bordered by two strips of vivid green. Opposite a picture with the green feeling of spring there is a bright pink text page. The worst feature is the rectangles of color that hold the titles of the stories—presumably put there to use all the color available. The general effect is that of a scenic road with slick billboards all along the way.

—From "The Grandma Moses Storybook."

THE GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART: Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Ornament, from Prehistoric Times to the Twentieth Century. *By Eleanor C. Munro. Golden Press.* 300 *pp. First edition* $12.95. *Subsequent editions* $15. This is a well-designed book that does not allow the pictures on its pages to interfere with each other—and that gives a general introduction to art, sculpture, and architecture. The text is by an editor who knows the material she is presenting and how to present it clearly and succinctly.

A great deal of work obviously went into preparation. Transparencies were checked against the pictures, and some pictures photographed for the book. While photography seldom gives a true representation of paintings, the flesh tints have obviously been carefully taken care of, the reds not overdone. Without comparing the reproductions with the originals it is hard to tell how faithful they are, but the book is well printed and, for the price, undoubtedly a very good introductory work. There is a useful glossary of artists and a full index. It is rather heavy (five pounds) but the weight also means coated paper, on which sharpness of reproduction (in offset lithography) partly depends in America.

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Folk Tales

THE BROTHERS GRIMM hoped their carefully collected "Household Tales" would be a heritage in the house, and that is what they became.

We do happen to have as our children's heritage a sturdy body of literature of which folk tales form substantial pillars. These through the years have had considerable kicking around and bear some deep scars. At present they are being commercialized and rewritten to an uncomfortable degree.

The worst blow that has been dealt them is the use of the name of a television personality, or of an artist, as part of the title of the book. Librarians have usually stood firmly against this type of thing; parents and teachers should. We do have a group of delightful picture books in which a single story is presented with respect, as well as carefully made collections by those who have the background for making them. But this year we have two books to which any critic with any standards would object. So that we can contrast them with better books, they are considered first. —A.D.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S NURSERY TALES. *Illustrated by J. P. Miller. Random House.* 24 *pp.* $1. These are familiar tales, somewhat retold, with Shirley Temple dimpling and smiling at us from the top of the laminated cover. The tales appear to be Shirley Temple's. All are in that everyman's land known as "public domain" and are without copyright. However, there still is, and should remain, the courtesy acknowledgment. "The Shoemaker and the Elves" was presented by the Brothers Grimm in their collection of folk tales, and there is not even an "adapted from." It is even more shocking to see that Beatrix Potter's *original* story, "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," is presented entirely without credit. We can only hope it was an oversight.

THE TASHA TUDOR BOOK OF FAIRY TALES. *Platt & Munk.* 96 *pp.* $3.95. The foreword states: "These stories, newly retold, blend wit and sparkle and soaring imagination with the delightful artistry of Tasha Tudor." This wit, sparkle, etc. I do not see. The stories are shortened and softened. Rapunzel suffers by the complete expungation of her twins—who were the natural result of the Prince's nightly climb to her tower. Why? Hans Christian Andersen's stories are brashly retold, or shortened. Why? To make more room for oversweet pictures? We have known Tasha Tudor as an illustrator and writer for some time. This year she has a reissue in larger form of a favorite story, "Alexander the Gander," and a Christmas book with another publisher. Why do this inferior book? The proper credits are, fortunately, given.

—From "Told in Norway."

THE THREE WISHES: A Folk Tale. *Illustrated by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $1.50. " 'The Three Wishes,' " says the beginning note, "dates all the way back to Greek mythology and has appeared in many versions and in many languages. This telling is from 'More English Fairy Tales' edited by Joseph Jacobs and reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons." Now that's the way to do it! The story, which keeps "difficult" but descriptive phrases such as "the goodwife glowered and glowered," is the familiar tale of the woodcutter, who, through greed and foolishness, squandered the three wishes given him by a fairy. The book has robust pictures in earthy colors and is fun for reading aloud. Ages 4-8.

TOLD IN NORWAY. *Retold from Norse Folklore by Virginia Haviland. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard.* **TOLD IN RUSSIA.** *Retold from Russian Storytellers by Virginia Haviland. Illustrated by Herbert Danska.* **TOLD IN IRELAND.** *Retold from Irish Storytellers by Virginia Haviland. Illustrated by Artur Marokvia. All Little, Brown. Respectively,* 87 *pp.,* 86 *pp.,* 91 *pp.* $2.95 *each.* Three more of Virginia Haviland's group of Favorite Fairy Tales, which, although somewhat simplified for reading by today's children, seem true to the spirit of the originals. The Irish book contains two tales by Ruth Sawyer—always a fine teller of Irish stories. On the whole, the illustrations are good, but the most attractive are in "Told in Norway." Virginia Haviland is reader's adviser at the Boston Public Library, and she has respect for stories. I am a realist, and see that "Billy Beg and His Bull" cannot easily be read in Irish dialect today, but I do wonder why that classic little Norse tale "The Three Billy Goats Gruff" has to be changed at all.

McCALL'S READ ME A STORY BOOK. *Edited by Margaret Van Doren Bevans. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Putnam.* 256 *pp.* $3.95. In this collection there are fifty folk tales selected from those sent in by 125 librarians as the most successful in their story-hour programs. But did the 125 librarians have anything to do with putting these stories in "their very best and most readable form"? To most of them, I am sure, the original form, or that closest to the original, would be best. The editor, while selecting and presenting interesting stories, and being most careful in giving sources and credits, has edited and shortened the stories, and she has not always had the true storyteller's ear for the nuances of the folk tale—those delightful turns of phrase which are so typical. Andersen's stories are tampered with. Does it matter that the listening child understand *every* word? There is also a softening of some endings.

—From "McCall's Read Me a Story Book."

For those who do not look at folk tales as a heritage, this is an attractive book with lively pictures. Many families will be as happy as larks with it this Christmas. Ages 4-8.

For Older Girls and Boys

AS, IN company with many young people's librarians, I am a firm —very firm—believer that good readers should graduate in the *early* teens, or younger, to adult fiction or biography, it is not possible for me to take entirely seriously books written "for teen-age girls." No, not even though I have written two myself.

Many of the present-day books are encapsuled in the tight little world of "going steady." A few revolve around the drugstore circuit—will he or won't he ask me to have a soda?—a breathless moment. Some are beginning to depart, in a growing trend towards realism, from the chaste kiss. These call for skilful writing at its very best; otherwise they are better left unwritten. Others subordinate love, or first sex experience, to an interesting background. Are these as eagerly read?

The "teen-age novel" needs further discussion, but this month only a small number can be considered. Few are good. One, not reviewed here, is actually based on a false premise: a brother and sister cannot, biologically, be identical twins.

Boys seem to fare better than girls; they read more nonfiction, adventure, and sports stories. They do not seem to need the "gentle guide posts" (quote

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Decorations by Tasha Tudor from *Becky's Christmas*

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS

I'M TIRED OF LIONS
Story and Pictures by ZHENYA GAY

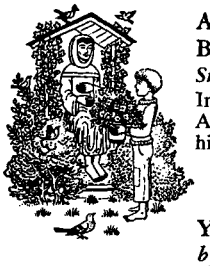
Small Leo wanted to be some other animal, but he changed his mind when he saw his handsome reflection in a rain puddle. Ages 3 to 6 $2.50

MISTER PENNY'S CIRCUS
Story and Pictures by MARIE HALL ETS

Kind Mister Penny and his farm animals welcome a runaway bear and chimpanzee and make their own two-penny circus! Ages 4 to 7 $2.50

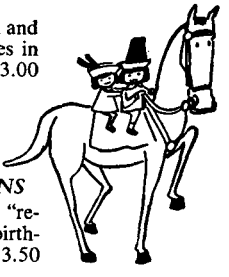
MOMO'S KITTEN
by MITSU and TARO YASHIMA
Illustrated by Taro Yashima

Momo finds a bedraggled kitten and learns in taking responsibility for her beloved pet that pleasure multiplies! Ages 4 to 7 $2.50



COME AGAIN, PELICAN
Story and Pictures by DON FREEMAN

Ty and his old friend the pelican go fishing again and both make surprising catches. Beautiful pictures in brilliant seashore colors. Ages 4 to 8 $3.00



MADELINE IN LONDON
Story and Pictures by LUDWIG BEMELMANS

Miss Clavel's twelve little girls bring joy and a "retired" horse to the Spanish Ambassador's son's birthday party. Ages 5 to 8 $3.50

THE ABC HUNT
Story and Photographs by ISABEL GORDON

Two children find a noodle A in their soup and start to look for *all* the letters of the alphabet on signs around the neighborhood. Ages 5 to 8 $2.50

OTTO IN AFRICA
Story and Pictures by WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS

When giant Otto was a gangling pup, he and his master saved a small city from an attack by Abou the Fierce and his bandits. Ages 5 to 8 $2.50

ZIG-ZAG ZEPPO
Story and Pictures by NATALIE HALL

Zig-Zag comes to his brothers' rescue and is given a longed-for place in the World-Famous *Seven* Zeppo Brothers' Acrobatic Act. Ages 5 to 9 $2.50

KITTEN ON THE KEYS
Story and Pictures by MORGAN DENNIS

When Tommy adopts a stray cat on the Florida Keys, they are inseparable – even going shrimping and treasure hunting together. Ages 7 to 9 $2.25

ANGELINO AND THE BAREFOOT SAINT
Story and Pictures by VALENTI ANGELO

In finding a way to restore his favorite saint's smile, Angelino brought a lovely little Christmas miracle to his town. Ages 7 to 11 $2.75

YOUNG VIKING OF BROOKLYN
by HARRIETT H. CARR
Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley Morse

Fascinating details of old-world customs as seen by the boys and girls who live in the Norwegian Children's Home. Ages 7 to 11 $2.75

THE NOBLE DOLL
by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH
Illustrated by Leo Politi

The doll, one of Doña Amalia's remaining possessions, and a young girl's faith, solve their problems at Christmas. Ages 7 to 11 $3.00

MISS HAPPINESS AND MISS FLOWER
by RUMER GODDEN
Illustrated by Jean Primrose

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Illustration by Katharina Barry
from *A Is for Anything*

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from a jacket) with which our girls are provided. —A.D.

BECKY'S ISLAND. *By Elisabeth Ogilvie. McGraw-Hill.* 187 *pp.* $3.25. Elisabeth Ogilvie writes both adult and "teen-age" novels with excellent appreciation for her Maine background. Her present book, based apparently on fact, is set back a few years in time. Two young people become independently interested in a strange island off the coast, which is ruled over by an eccentric self-styled "king." The island children have few opportunities for development, and no chance for education.

The two visitors to the island work together, start informal teaching for the children, and finally succeed in having a school established by the state. Naturally the young benefactors also become interested, though rather mildly so, in each other. The whole adds up to a pleasant story.

FANCY FREE. *By Betty Cavanna. Morrow.* 256 *pp.* $2.95. The cliché title and the blonde, tooth-paste-ad girl on the jacket are evidently bait; the book proves to be quite interesting in its setting—an archeological expedition in Cuzco in which several young college students take part. The author is familiar with her locale, and Fancy (Francesca) is fascinated with it and, at first, with Kimball, a Dartmouth boy. She learns better when he turns out to have a way of helping himself to small artifacts. The characters are never entirely real, and Silence, the Radcliffe girl, is unbelievable, though I have an uneasy feeling that the author once met a girl like this somewhere. When Fancy finds a little Andean village "forgotten in time," she hopes it will stay the same way for a hundred years. One cannot help feeling this way about Andean villages; but in some the open sewers in the streets and the flies clustered on the faces of the babies make one instantly ambivalent. A real romance for Fancy is indicated at the end, and the book has some charming descriptions and interludes.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE. *By Margaret Maze Craig. Crowell.* 215 *pp.* $2.95. A serious and sympathetic treatment of the dangers of "going steady" in the senior year of high school, when the boy is about to go into the Navy. This young couple are in love; almost go too far, without the girl realizing *her* part in it, but put on the brakes in time and accept the waiting period. On the whole, it is well worked out.

WHO WALK BY THREES. *By Ruth Baker and Jack L. Horlacher. Lothrop.* 192 *pp.* $3. A page or so would be needed to recount *all* that happens to the unstable family in this story. Mental illness and an unwanted baby are part of it, both situations that need expert and knowledgeable handling, which they do not get. Mardy is a credulous girl who believes almost anything she is told, especially by a young man who obviously needs a psychiatrist himself. The authors are perfectly capable of writing a better and less superficial book, and one hopes that they will.

ONE OF A CROWD. *By Rosamond du Jardin. Lippincott.* 192 *pp.* $2.95. Sympathetic though somewhat preachy treatment of the theme of being individual and not always going with the crowd. Sandra gets in with the fast set in high school, finally attends one of those parties given in the absence of parents where liquor is served, and finds it is not for her. At one point there is a sermonette on "going steady" delivered by a retired teacher, and I hesitate over her approach: "When I was young," she says, "the very term 'going steady' was an object of derision. The practice was brought to this country by one of the large immigrant groups and the only people who went steady were servant girls and their friends. Young people of any degree of culture and refinement considered it a barbarous custom." This reviewer came to this country as a teen-age "immigrant," and at that time found not the term "going steady," but "going together." The custom is not "barbarous" unless misused. As for the ridiculous phrase itself, like other terms time will displace it—and the problem will remain.

THE GLORIOUS CONSPIRACY. *By Joanne Williamson. Knopf.* 211 *pp.* $3. I believe this excellent story of the 1780s is one of the first realistic books for young people set in the time of the Industrial Revolution. It deals at the beginning with child labor, later with New York in the Federalist era. Telling it in the first person gives the account considerable immediacy. Chapter I—"Gutter Brat"—starts:

> I am Benjamin Brown, an American citizen. I was born in England in the year 1780 . . . and like most children I was born one of the poor. In those days that meant much more than being a little hungry all of the time and very hungry a great deal of the time. It meant minding one's tongue and being careful to step into the gutter at the approach of a gentleman in a wig, and being looked on with suspicion if, somehow, one managed to learn to read and write.

Ben *did* learn, and had read "Gulliver's Travels" before he was seven. But his grandfather believed that a boy of seven should set out to earn his keep. Ben becomes a 'prentice, works under terrible conditions in Arkwright's Manchester mills, then escapes to the United States. Here he becomes a printer's devil on Mr. Greenleaf's *Journal* and finds himself part of the Glorious Conspiracy. Good characterization, worth-while content.

SPACE NOMADS: Meteorites in Sky, Field and Laboratory. *By Lincoln La Paz and Jean La Paz. Holiday House.* 187 *pp.* $3.95. One of the most interesting science books in this year's output. Dr. La Paz, director of the Institute of Meteoritics at the University of New Mexico, helped to establish that lunar ray-craters were made by meteorites, and a moon crater is named after him. The co-author is his daughter, who has worked closely with him. The book includes interesting photographs, a summary of known meteorites, and an efficient index.

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"Who wants jacks or balls or trains or guns, when you can have

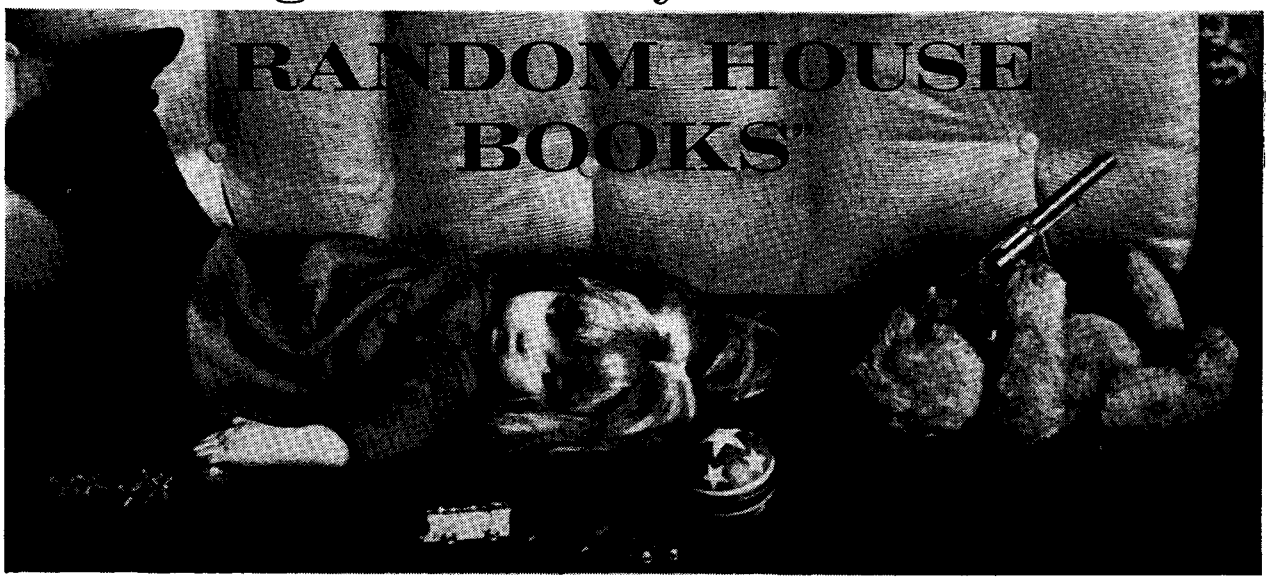

Photo by Dare Wright from "The Lonely Doll Learns a Lesson"

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Highlights from World's Fall List

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By RAINEY BENNETT. "A very charming picture book with delicate, graceful illustrations and a simple story about three owl children who sleep by day and wander about the forest at night." — *Publishers' Weekly*. By the award-winning author-artist of *The Secret Hiding Place*. Ages 4-8. $3.00

Le Petit Chien (The Little Dog)

By DENISE and ALAIN TREZ. A delightful French-English picture book, designed in a fresh new format and illustrated in two colors. 4⅛"x5⅜". Ages 5-8. $1.95

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Photographs by Guy Mary-Rousselière, O.M.I. "This is a beautiful and touching book. The photographs are in full color and they are spectacular." — *New York Times*. All ages. $3.95

Noodles, Nitwits, and Numskulls

By MARIA LEACH. *Illustrated by Kurt Werth*. "An excellent collection of time-honored jokes, riddles, and funny stories [from] the folklore of various countries." — *Publishers' Weekly*. Ages 8-12. $2.95

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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

Presenting Strange Lands

By Vrinda Nirodi

IN THE year that I have worked for a New York publishing house I have seen a great number of books designed to teach American children about life in other countries. There are "Getting to Know" books and "Our Neighbors" books and "Let's Visit" books and a host of stories set in other lands. Since it is always interesting to see how others see us, I read the ones on India carefully.

It is a formidable task to present a strange country, especially one as vast and complex as India, in terms that a child can grasp. Very few books are written with the perception and imagination it takes to make them more than a collection of facts.

Of the successful ones I have read recently, **"India,"** by Walter Fairservis (World, $3.50), is one of the most outstanding. It is an excellent study of Indian civilization, short and lucid. The author describes the land, history, people, and customs of India, illustrating some points with his own experiences there as a visitor. He conveys a real sense of the complexities of Indian life, the baffling contradictions that make the visitor today cry out just as Alexander the Great did, half in exasperation and half in wonder, "What a land is this!"

Such imaginative books as his, however, are rare, and they are mostly for older children. There is a lively and interesting factual book for younger children: **"Getting to Know India,"** by Barnett Laschever (Coward-McCann, $2.50). On the whole, however, the current demand for books on India is inducing publishers to turn them out as fast as possible. A minimum of time seems to be given to research, both with nonfiction and fiction. Facts are sometimes confused; illustrations often do not fit the text. A book about one region of India is sometimes illustrated with photographs of an unmistakably different region. In one collection of Indian legends, Rama, the great hero of Hindu mythology, is painted in the costume of a Mughal prince. The pictures are lovely, but the artist might just as well have shown Hercules clad like Beau Brummel.

What I find more disturbing than these errors, because more indefinable, is the emphasis that is laid on the bizarre and the sensational aspects of Indian life. It seems to be a popular belief among writers that no children's book on India is complete without a few sacred cows, a couple of cobras, some odd maharajahs, and an elephant or two. Many a hero is lost in this mêlée.

Aimee Somerfelt's **"The Road to Agra"** (Criterion, $3.50), for instance, is carefully written to fit the formula. Lalu and Maya are two village children who set out to walk 300 miles to a clinic in Agra, where Maya's weak eyes can be treated. When they finally get there, a callous guard refuses them admission, and their whole effort seems lost, until UNICEF steps in and saves them.

Lalu and Maya are very appealing children, but their trials seem contrived as an excuse to bring in as many exotic elements as possible: the Taj Mahal, a sacred cow, a cobra, a dancing bear, a maharajah. Of course, these things do exist; they are a very real part of India, and they do make exciting reading. But they represent just one aspect of the country, and the picture can never be whole unless books show more than this one aspect. If the new books on India aim to create a better understanding of that nation, they need to be more varied than they are now.

There is a real need, I think, for more books like Shirley Arora's **"What Then, Raman?"** (Follett, $3.50). I came

Vrinda Nirodi is a young Indian woman who came to this country from Bangalore to take her Master's Degree in English at Mills College. During the past year she has been in New York assisting with the making of "Best Books for Children," an annual booklist published by the R. R. Bowker Co. In the accompanying article she discusses some of the books about India written in America.

When she returns to her country, Miss Nirodi hopes to be able to work with children's books. Her great hope is that there will soon be books for every Indian child who wants to read. As she has enthusiasm, she will undoubtedly have some part in bringing this about.

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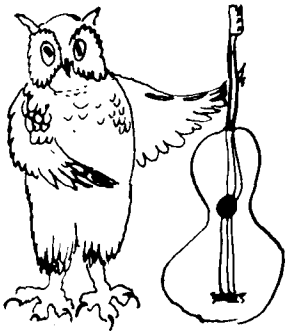

Under the Spreading Christmas Tree may *le Hibou* sing for you, too!

...*comme tu es rare, es rare...**

and may you find *beaucoup de* books.

For example:

THAT "free spirit," HUBERT, the Traveling Hippopotamus, by Edmund Lindop and Jane Carlson; ★ARTHUR, the Dolphin Who Didn't See Venice, according to John Malcolm Brinnin and André François; CUSTARD the Dragon and the Wicked Knight, by Ogden Nash with Linell; the story of the mischievous bear ★STICK-A-NOSE-IN, by a new author-artist, Istar Haupt; ★ONE SNAIL AND ME, in which Emilie McLeod and Walter Lorraine happily show you how to begin arithmetic with a whole bathtub full of animals. And ★KICKAPOO, the story of a fast-stepping mule for seven-to-eleven year old readers by Miska Miles and Wesley Dennis. What a menagerie!

THE seven-to-elevens will surely find Virginia Haviland's happy Christmas present to them — Favorite Fairy Tales TOLD IN NORWAY, TOLD IN RUSSIA, TOLD IN IRELAND — "so enticing in every way" — (MWB in *The Horn Book*).

HOW many Matt Christopher fans do you know? His new one is TALL MAN IN THE PIVOT (basketball). The new story by Eleanor Cameron, of Mushroom Planet fame, is especially for Christmas, ★THE MYSTERIOUS CHRISTMAS SHELL. Would-be math sharks from ten up "can have a wonderful time with" NUMBERS PLEASE by F. Emerson Andrews, "and your friends will think you are a wizard" *(Child Life)*. For "a splendid yarn, spun out in prose that sings," the *New York Times* recommends Jonreed Lauritzen's THE LEGEND OF BILLY BLUESAGE.

OLDER boys and girls will learn all about the new science of bio-astronautics in Robert Wells' ALIVE IN SPACE, and in DEEP SEA, HIGH MOUNTAIN Elliott Roberts tells them about the U. S. Coast and Geodetic survey. WILDERNESS RIVER by Lew Dietz is a mystery "boys will be unable to put down" *(Book Buyer's Guide)*. Russell Davis dedicates to his sons MARINE AT WAR, his story of what it was like to be on active duty in the Pacific during World War II. PIRATE QUEEN, Edith Patterson Meyer's story of a valiant woman of early Irish history, is "absorbing reading for anyone over ten" (RHV in *The Horn Book)*, "projects both the chieftain's warriorlike qualities and her womanliness" *(The Critic)*.

BUT maybe you're looking for "the sum total of a three-year old's experience"? Find it in ★KEEP IT LIKE A SECRET, by Sandol Warburg and Ivan Chermayeff — "a book to remind the child of his own importance in life . . ."
(*V. Kirkus*)

**Special Note:* We are told of a two-and-a-half year old who, after being thrice sung to about the owl and the pussycat while gazing at Barbara Cooney's illustrations for Francis Steegmuller's LE HIBOU ET LA POUSSIQUETTE, departed for the Boston museum of natural history armed with *beaucoup de sous* to buy the museum's pet owl a guitar. The age range of this book's irresistible appeal is thus extended to about 92½ years.

Happy Book Christmas!

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By Jocelyn Arundel. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. A powerful story of a young boy's love for the free wild animals, a girl's fear of them, and of a great elephant who roamed this country. Ages 8-12. $2.95

WHEN LOVE SPEAKS
By Amelia Elizabeth Walden. The story of a girl's first taste of professional theatre at the American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn. Teen-ages. $3.50

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across this one afternoon last winter while sorting books for review. The jacket copy stated that it was about an Indian boy who wanted to be a scholar. I didn't think this sounded especially interesting at first, but because the story was set in the Nilgiri Hills of South India, where I spent summers as a child, I started reading—and couldn't stop.

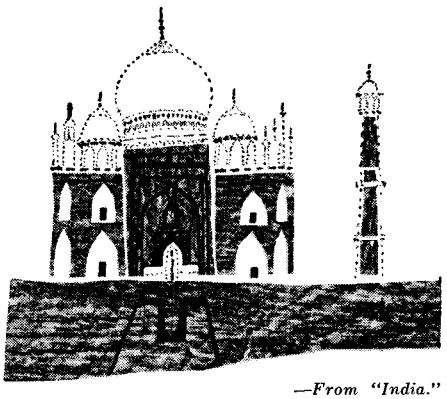
"What Then, Raman?" is both the story of Raman's desire to be a scholar, and his gradual realization that learning carries with it the responsibility of teaching. Raman is the first person in his village to learn to read, and this ability sets him apart from the others. Despite their taunts, he holds on to his dream of one day owning the black-and-gold "Ramayana," that symbol of scholarship, which he sees in the bazaar. It is not until he meets an American teacher that Raman realizes that being a scholar is not in itself an achievement, and that he must share his learning with his friends.

It is difficult to write such a story without making it sound like a homily, but the author handles it so delicately that the shy, sensitive boy's struggle becomes a deeply moving one. The most striking feature of the book is the complete absence of any element put in purely for exotic effect. It contains none of the standard ingredients generally used to impart an Indian flavor. There is no need for any; the book is truly Indian in spirit without them, for the author obviously knows the people she writes about—their thoughts, their feelings, even their speech—and it shows in the writing.

ANOTHER recent book that has this quality of genuineness is "**India's Children**" (Viking, $3), a collection of twelve short stories by Bani Shorter. This gives the reader a wider view of India, for the stories are about children from various classes of society, and from different parts of the country.

Books like these, which focus on the individual, are more effective than factual books in teaching American children about India. They enable the reader to climb into the skin of an Indian child, and talk and think and feel as he does. This is something that factual books—however good—cannot do, being confined by their very nature to generalities.

I wish it were possible to give American children Indian books to read, for the most direct way to understanding the people of a strange country is through books from that country. Even one book, like R. K. Narayan's "**Swami and Friends,**" for instance, could accomplish a great deal. It is included in "**The Bachelor of Arts**" (Michigan State



—From "India."

University Press, $3.95). Swami is a lovable scamp much like Tom Sawyer, and his escapades would quickly convince readers that children are the same the world over. This recognition of similarities is very important, for it establishes a lasting feeling of kinship with people who would otherwise remain strangers.

I know, because we were given many English and American books as children, and we read them until every detail was familiar. We picnicked with Rat and Mole on the riverbank, wandered through the woods with Christopher Robin and Pooh, got lost in the cave with Tom and Becky, wept with Jo when Amy burned her book. The knowledge that Jenny Brown in London and Sally Johnson in Boston were doing the same things made them both seem very close to us. The details of their lives seemed as familiar as our own: in imagination at least, we knew the taste of Thanksgiving pumpkin pie as well as the taste of *Chauthi* sweetmeats, and the scent of lilac as well as the scent of jasmine. So real did Christmas become to me from reading "Little Women" and "The Five Little Peppers" that I insisted for years on hanging up a Christmas stocking in a devoutly Hindu household. (It was always filled.)

IT IS a pity that there cannot yet be a real exchange of books between American and Indian children, for there are very few Indian books available even for Indians to read. The storyteller has always been preferred to the storybook in India, and every family has a grandmother or aunt who tells the ancient epic tales to the children. So far high production costs and low literacy have discouraged publishers from putting out many children's books. Now, however, the demand for them is increasing with rising literacy, and publishing is beginning to expand. The day is not far off, I'm sure, when there will be enough Indian books for everyone. When that day comes, American children will be able to see India from the inside as well as from the outside.

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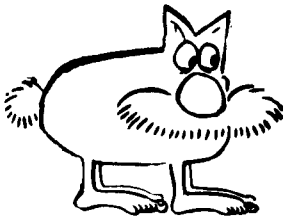

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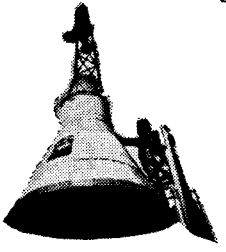

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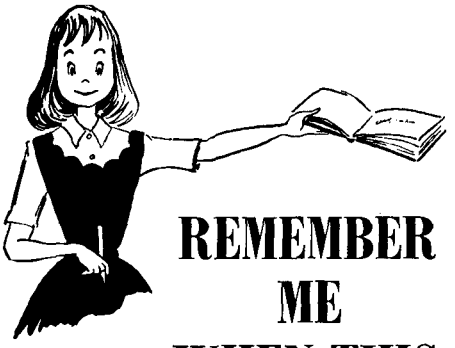

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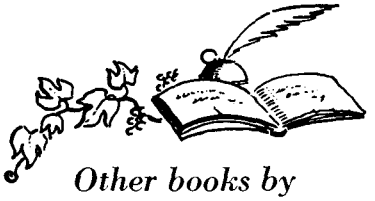

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The Evolution of Biography

By Marguerite Vance

HOW DOES one account for the standards by which a growing child evaluates his books and the characters in them? Looking back across a substantial portion of the past century to my own unfledged choices, I am appalled to find, since color was very important to me as a child, that up to the age of twelve and possibly a whisper beyond, I gave no quarter to the men and women in my history books but brushed them unceremoniously into two categories: the women were the dark blues, the men, for impenetrable reasons—beards, perhaps,—were the browns. It simplified things so, and, like many simplifications, added immeasurably to the confusion.

Grant, Socrates, Longfellow, and, to a lesser degree for some reason, Washington and Lincoln, all moved in a muddy cloud of anonymity, dredged up in passing symbols of Appomattox, hemlock cups, Hiawatha, the frozen Delaware, and the Gettysburg speech. The ladies moved giddily against an indigo backdrop, Marie Antoinette forever mounting the guillotine, Martha Washington forever smiling patiently between the frills of her cap and the flounces of her fichu. Of flesh and blood reality there was none; the image sufficed. Remove one from his or her particular delineation in the murky structure and the whole picture collapsed. As long as characters remained automatons they at least had faces but little else.

Now what was wrong? Schoolbooks gave us information, concise, conscientiously compiled—but dull. I do not seem to recall the words "supplementary reading" as part of our home work. However, I do remember being expected to answer pointed questions concerning the men and women about whom we had been studying. As there were few if any teen-age biographies to be had, I thumbed through books I found in my father's library. If only, I thought, someone would write something so interesting about these people that I would feel I really knew them, maybe I'd do better in history! What did they wear? What did they eat and say and do just every day when they weren't making history? What were they *really* like?

That lament must have been pretty general, and obviously it did not fall on deaf ears, for during the past few decades the children's book field has been literally crammed with excellent examples of biographical work. To anyone interested in young people's reading an examination of the books on the history and biography shelves in the children's reading rooms of our libraries would be rewarding, for here are the well-thumbed, battered copies that bespeak devotion.

To mention only a few, here is "**Abe Lincoln Grows Up,**" by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), actually the first twenty-seven chapters of his original Lincoln biography for adult readers. Beside it is "**Thomas Jefferson,**" by Gene Lisitzky (Viking, $4), published back in '33. Stanley Young's vibrant tale about Andrew Jackson, which he called "**Young Hickory**" (now out of print), came out a few years later. For girls, whose tendency is to cover the most ground possible in the shortest given time, Kathleen Prindiville's excellent book, "**First Ladies: Stories of the Presidents' Wives**" (Macmillan, $3.95), would be perfect. The stories are brief, graphic, and to the point.

AND Jeanette Eaton's stunning biography, "**Narcissa Whitman, Pioneer of Oregon**" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), published in 1914, certainly fixes forever in the minds of young readers both the history of the state and the story of the beautiful, fearless young wife who worked with her missionary husband among the Indians of the Northwest. The list is endless.

To me it is wonderfully gratifying to note that in the informative books for young people a sort of literary prophylaxis has developed in the telling of unsavory truths: the heavy overlay of sticky sugar-coating of even a few years ago is gradually being replaced by sane good taste and sound judgment in relating the unadorned facts. So do we

Marguerite Vance was editor of Books for Boys and Girls at E. P. Dutton for a number of years. She has also written twelve biographies for young people. Her current book, published by Dutton this fall, is "Dark Eminence: Catherine de Medici and Her Children." It is illustrated by J. Luis Pellicer.

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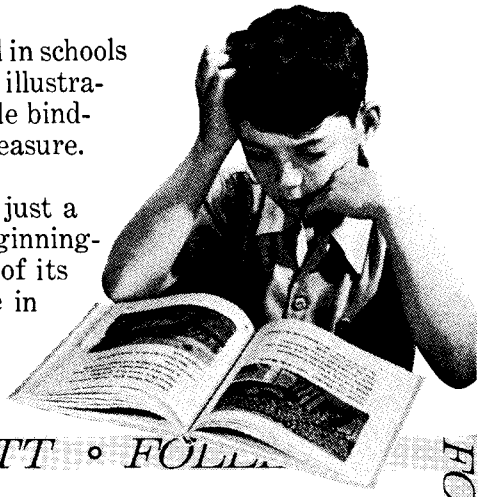

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accord our young people the dignity their intelligent reading habits merit. This has called for a certain psychological adroitness on the part of the writer, a self-imposed standard of factual values. But it is a growing mark of the high quality of our books for teen-agers, a lever that is lifting all historic characters out of the leaden twilight of the blues and the browns into the clear light of reality and truth.

HIS OWN GOOD DAUGHTER. *By Virginia Newell. Illustrated by Vera Bock. Longmans, Green.* 148 *pp.* $3.25. In this scholarly description of the closing years of Sir Thomas More's life the author has deviated not one iota from the temperate vein in which she launched her story.

Thomas More, loyal subject of Henry VIII and devout Roman Catholic, declined repeated honors tendered by the Crown. He was a godly man with simple tastes, devoted to his home and family; and Meg, his eldest daughter, was the apple of his eye. However, Dame Alice, his wife, worried. "The King will have you yet," she said, and, indeed, when Sir Thomas was offered the chancellorship she was proved correct. He could not refuse.

At just this time Henry's contemplated divorce from Catherine of Aragon was stirring the great minds, both legal and religious, of the day. Sir Thomas More, as one of His Majesty's closest councillors, was called upon to defend him and to sign the oath acknowledging him supreme head of the Church of England. Sir Thomas's conscience forbade this, and he was beheaded.

Throughout the narrative notable characters of the time play secondary parts: Holbein, Erasmus, Cardinal Wolsey, the Nun of Canterbury—moving through it logically but never intruding upon the two central characters, Sir Thomas More and his daughter Meg.

One could have wished perhaps that the final pages had been a shade less ghastly in their descriptive potency. However, again the author is recounting history, so in the interest of truth let us not quibble. She has written an eloquent yet restrained account of one of the grizzliest moments in English history. Roman Catholic and Protestant readers alike will find it rewarding. Ages 12-16.

BELOVED BOTANIST: The Story of Carl Linnaeus. *By Adrien Stoutenburg and Laura Nelson Baker. Scribners.* 192 *pp.* $2.95. This life of Carl Linnaeus, the renowned Swedish botanist, presents the great man so completely without affectation that turning the pages of the book is like stepping along with him through his busy days. His pace was always brisk, his destination the highest possible goal obtainable in the field of natural science. He seldom stumbled, and he reached his goal.

Born in 1707, the son of a clergyman in a hamlet not far from Stenbrohult, his father's parish, he had one love—flowers. The wild flowers in the woods, the cultivated plants in the family garden—these held his interest above everything else, and

—From "His Own Good Daughter."

when he was sixteen he begged his father to let him take up the study of medicine, so closely allied in those days with plant and herb culture. Time proved Carl right in his choice of a career. At Uppsala University the Scientific Society read and approved his paper on the sexual nature of plants; here, too, he gave his first public lecture, and here his great paper, *Adonis uplandicus*, in which he clarified and developed the system of classifying plants, received an ovation before the Royal Society of Science.

In 1732 Carl Linnaeus was off to Lapland to study its flora and fauna. In Harderwijk he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine. He did not let a rather prickly marriage deter him from his work (his beautiful wife was as capricious as a weathervane), and through the years his research doubled. He became a member of the Uppsala faculty, teaching zoology and botany, and it was at this time that he was credited with inventing the name "fauna" to cover animal life. In 1778 the great scientist died, leaving a name honored wherever flowers are loved. The present biography is written with nice probity and perception. For older boys and girls. Ages 12 up.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: His Many Talents. *By Johanna Johnston. Illustrated by Richard Bergere. Dodd, Mead.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. When does the insatiable curiosity of any normal growing boy begin to take on that first hint of the ingredient from which genius springs? The question has been weighed these many centuries concerning Leonardo da Vinci; we consider it here in the case of Thomas Jefferson. Was it his contemplation of that homely implement the farm plow that unlocked the endless facets of his thinking? To learn, to improve, to pass on his knowledge to others—this became the preoccupation of the red-haired youth who was to become the founder and builder of the University of Virginia, the third President of the United States, the man of manifold genius.

Miss Johnston has been at great pains to keep Thomas Jefferson the man always well in the foreground. His ever-mounting attainments in the spheres of politics, architecture, education, and agriculture form a dramatic background; he moves against it in modest dignity.

Certain aspects of Jefferson's character are given new emphasis: his quiet defense of his religious convictions, his brief plunge into a sort of belligerent folksiness to prove

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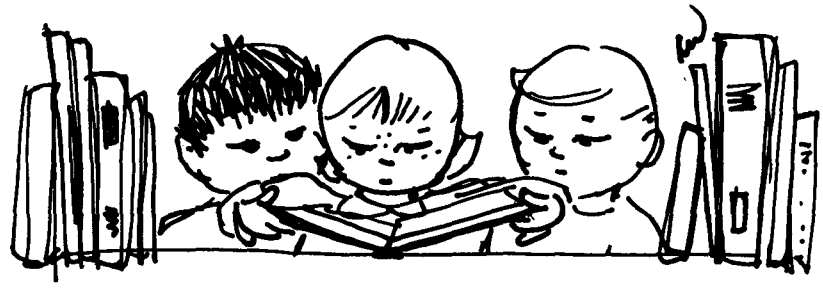

his views on human equality, his interest in archeology. These have added to the more conventional picture of the Jeffersonian legend with pleasing results. Written with clarity and taste, the whole work forms a significant composite picture of the character of a great man. Ages 12-16.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S MOTHER. *By Alice Curtis Desmond. Illustrated with photographs, also drawings and maps by the author. Dodd, Mead.* 256 *pp.* $3.50. Mary Ball as a rosy, laughing girl of twenty-three already showed signs of the adamant determination which in her later years made her something of a problem to her children, especially to her oldest son. Her swarms of other beaux notwithstanding, Mary had made up her mind to marry Augustine Washington, the scholarly, handsome owner of a plantation on the Potomac, a man fourteen years her senior. And marry him she did—for she unabashedly proposed to him!

Their marriage was exceedingly happy, and not until Augustine Washington's death twelve years later, when she was left with a farm to manage and five children to rear, did Mary Ball Washington show evidences of becoming cantankerous. She knew little about farming yet was determined to make Ferry Farm support her and her brood. To this end she worked with a compulsive drive far beyond her strength. As George's career took on magnitude and as the other children escaped her matriarchal tenacity so did her will to dominate grow.

When old age finally insinuated itself into the pattern of her days it was not actually dotage that assailed her so much as a natural regression of her mental processes. Mrs. Desmond has shown her as a woman who from first to last dominated her environment. However, the story of her life is especially rewarding as it brings the lives of her children and the age in which they lived into perfect focus. The excellent narrative style is incisive and clear-cut, and an impressive group of thirty-four photographs adds interest to a completely satisfying book. Ages 12-16.

PATRICK HENRY: Firebrand of the Revolution. *By Nardi Reeder Campion. Illustrated by Victor Mays. Little, Brown.* 272 *pp.* $3.75. Placing her emphasis on Patrick Henry's three dominant characteristics: love of life, love of country, and love of oratory, Mrs. Campion has written a distinguished biography, one that deserves the highest praise.

Her treatment of Henry's early years, when he was an incorrigible youngster who simply refused to go to school, is noteworthy, for the author has been justly critical without being unkind. As he grew to manhood she notes his compulsive escape from the stark reality of responsibility and hard work. It was an early marriage that seemed to waken the headstrong youth to a sense of moral obligation, and when war with England threatened he was in the forefront, using his great gift for oratory—possibly for the first time with a real objective—to fire the baffled, reluctant Virginia colonists to action.

His broken friendship with Thomas Jefferson, his bitter chagrin when more conservative heads felt he was too impulsive, too brash to hold the rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces, reveal the boyishly sensitive man Patrick Henry remained to the end of his days. Characteristically, his election as the first Governor of Virginia filled him with unconcealed joy.

By this time he was a widower with six children. Presently he married Miss Dorothea Dandridge, who was just half his age. She made an ideal Governor's wife, bearing him four daughters and seven sons during the twenty-two years of their happy union. Patrick Henry was five times Governor of the state that he loved, and when he died at seventy-six he was still as articulate about the affairs of the day as he had been thirty years earlier.

Jefferson said of him, "He was far above all in maintaining the spirit of the American Revolution."

The author has used her fine bibliography to rare advantage. Ages 12 up.

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA. *By Emma Gelders Sterne. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Knopf.* 147 *pp.* $2.75. Balboa's discovery of the Pacific has been a favorite subject over the years. However, Balboa the man of infinite courage, whose long career of exploration was constantly marred by cruel frustration and double dealing, this man is not so well known.

In this carefully defined biography Emma Gelders Sterne has expanded his background. Briefly she sketches in his boyhood, his youth as an aristocratic Spanish squire, his awakening interest in the explorations of Columbus, and his eventual voyage to the new world with the great navigator Juan de la Cosa. With Cosa he sailed along the coast of America without ever reaching its end—and this filled him with wonder. Now more or less a fugitive farmer on Santo Domingo, he once more longed for adventure.

He had it, pressed down and running over. He saw the cruelty of his fellow countrymen to the Indians, and he often took sides against his best interests.

An eloquent commentary on justice was

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the beheading of the great Balboa after he had claimed the Pacific Ocean for Spain and had suffered untold hardships while exploring and building for his motherland. Completely innocent, he was the victim of one man's cupidity. Pedrarias Davila, the aged, infamous governor of Tierra Firma, in 1514 was torn by a dark cumulus of jealousy and antagonism when first he met the greatly beloved Balboa, and he did not rest until he had him executed on a trumped-up charge of treason.

As in her earlier works, the author has written dramatically but with a commendable brevity that makes for absorbing reading and unfailing retention of the facts. For older boys and girls.

ABOVE ALL A PHYSICIAN. *By Jeanne Carbonnier. Scribners.* 178 *pp.* $2.95. One of the most indispensable adjuncts to a physician's equipment is the stethoscope, and this needful instrument was invented by a young physician, René Théophile Laennec, in Paris back in 1818.

Jeanne Carbonnier, a Parisian physician practicing in the United States, found Dr. Laennec's life such a fascinating mixture of frustration and accomplishment against almost insurmountable odds that she has put it into book form. And an unusually compelling biography it is.

René Théophile Laennec was born in Quimper, Brittany, the son of a ne'er-do-well father who found it inconvenient to support him and his younger brother, Michaud. The boys were sent to their benevolent uncle, Dr. Guillaume Laennec in Nantes, and there they grew up while the horrors of the Revolution raged around them and the guillotine performed its hideous task directly in front of their house.

Uncle Guillaume's work interested Théophile so much that when he was thirteen he decided to enter the field of medicine himself. By the time he was fourteen he had been appointed third-class health officer at the Hôpital de la Paix, with a salary. Early in 1801 he managed to get to Paris, where he registered at the Ecole de Santé and joined the staff of the noted Dr. Corvisant at the Hôpital de la Charité. As the years passed young Laennec won awards for his papers on surgery and medicine. In May 1804 he wrote a thesis for his doctorate, and in June of the same year he received his diploma of Doctor of Médicin.

Laennec's invention of the stethoscope, which he first called simply "the cylinder," climaxed his years of monumental work, and his death in 1881 ended one of the truly great lives in medicine. Dr. Carbonnier's story of that life is noteworthy for its succinct and dramatic presentation. Ages 12-16.

BOSS KET: A Life of Charles F. Kettering. *By Rosamond McPherson Young. Longmans, Green.* 210 *pp.* $3.50. Though the name was given him affectionately by one of his closest friends, no sobriquet could possibly have been more misleading. Charles Kettering was to his last day one of the most modest, forbearing men in American industry. Possibly it was his unconscious air of self-confidence, his natural dignity that inspired everyone working with or for him to recognize him as a leader, a "boss" if you will.

A farm boy from Loudonville, Ohio, he managed, in spite of constant money worries and a serious eye condition, to finish his course in electrical engineering at Ohio State and to get himself a job with the National Cash Register Company at a salary that far surpassed his wildest dreams. Five years later he and a friend joined forces in inventing a new electrical ignition system for automobiles, and from there it was only a step to an electric self-starter. So Delco was born. Kettering's improvements throughout the automotive industry were legion, and his axioms were almost as many. One of the most significant was: "There will always be a frontier where there is a willing hand and an open mind."

Charles Kettering was eighty-two at the time of his death in 1958, and was still busy at the many pursuits to which he gave his energies and his name. Mrs. Young's story of his life reminds me in its eloquent simplicity of some of Grant Wood's portraits of sturdy Americans who have made us proud of them. Boys just entering high school should find it fascinating and inspiring. Ages 12 up.

NKRUMAH OF GHANA. *By Sophia Ripley Ames. Illustrated with photographs and maps. Rand McNally.* 176 *pp.* $3.50. In this well-integrated narrative of the life of Ghana's man of the hour, Mrs. Ames has succeeded admirably in pointing up his outstanding characteristic: singleness of purpose.

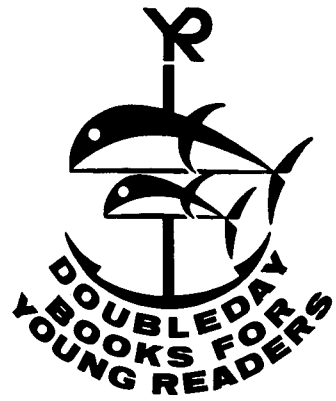
The book opens with a commentary on

FUN

ADVENTURE

and

KNOWLEDGE *in*



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ELLEN'S BLUE JAYS
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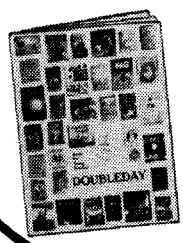

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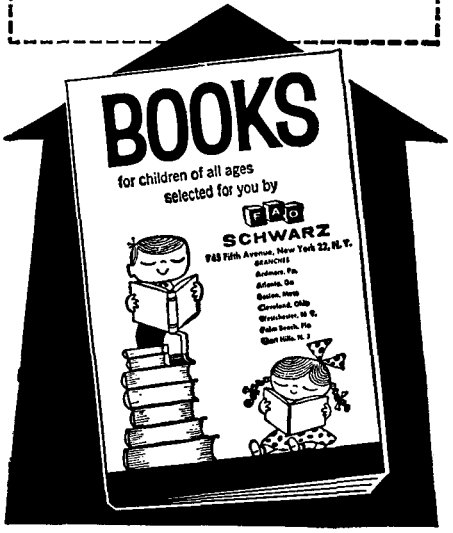
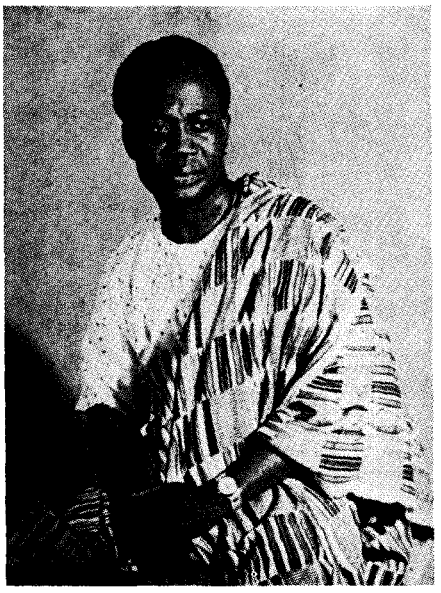


Coming December 9th

Special Travel

Issue on the Pacific

the raising of Ghana's new flag at the United Nations. What follows is in the form of a flashback, beginning with Kwame Nkrumah's childhood in the little seaside town of Half Assini on the Atlantic Coast. He was the only son of one of his goldsmith father's several wives, and during his earliest years he went about the country with his mother, a market trading woman who traveled from town to town with her merchandise in a basket on her head.



—From "Nkrumah of Ghana."

Kwame Nkrumah—triumph at 12:01 A.M.

Kwame's father told him much of the history of his country, and so awakened in the boy a dream of helping it attain independence. Meeting various political leaders stimulated his ambition for an education. In England and the United States he worked tirelessly, and obtained his Master's Degree in philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania. Though originally a Roman Catholic, he preached in Negro churches of many denominations, and said that his religious convictions were as deep as they were unorthodox.

Kwame left the United States in 1945 for the Gold Coast. There he launched the do-or-die political struggle that had its triumphant climax at one minute after midnight on March 6, 1957, when the Union Jack was solemnly lowered and the new gold, green, and red flag of Ghana was run up in its place over the Parliament building in Accra.

I found this a stimulating and enlightening work, well written and carefully authenticated. Ages 12-16.

On Isles and Farms

THE HAUNTED ISLAND. *By Miep Diekman. Translated by A. J. Pomerans. Illustrated by Jenny Dalenoord. Dutton.* 127 *pp.* $2.75. The island doesn't quite live up to its title, but the characters and the setting are interesting, because the little island of Hollow Tongue is off the coast of the Dutch island of Aruba. And it is exciting for a boy of twelve to have his own boat, for this makes Hollow Tongue, except for the presence of a few fishermen, seem his own island, his own hideout. One day Matthew

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NEW YORK TIMES

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Julia Cunningham

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finds on his island a strange man who is, as he suspects, an escaped political prisoner. How he helps the prisoner, and the difficult decision he makes about his boat, comprise the story. This was named the best Dutch children's book of the year it was published, and the author has also been given the Hans Christian Andersen award. She writes well in the European tradition, which sends youngsters adventuring on their own. She has lived in Aruba, now lives in The Hague. Ages 10-13.

MEG OF HERON'S NECK. *By Elizabeth Ladd. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. Morrow.* 191 *pp.* $2.76. Megan, ragged and dirty and undisciplined, lived after the death of her parents with her half-brother, Alan, on his boat, the *Sea Mouse*. Alan also ran an excursion boat for summer people. When Meg's aunt and uncle claim her, she puts on a large-sized scene; but, realizing she must give in, she leaves with Repulsive, her black cat, and Crow, her pet bird, for her uncle's farm. Her adjustment to the farm, the family, and a more disciplined life is hard, and she even runs away. However, her cousin, a boy about her own age, reminds her of her brother. When circumstances bring her brother to the farm Meg is delighted, but she has by this time grown (all too easily) to love farm life. Megan is a person, both in text and pictures. Girls of her own age will readily accept her. What some may not accept so readily is the fact that she cannot stay with her brother, who seems to the reader more attractive than her uncle. "A wild thing tamed" is a favorite plot, and others will like to have Meg settle down. Ages 8-12.

PETER JUMPING HORSE. *By Gordon Langley Hall. Illustrated by Jennifer Kent. Holt.* 144 *pp.* $2.75. Peter Jumping Horse is an Ojibway Indian boy who lives on a reservation in Northern Canada. The author taught on this reservation for a year, and his book is full of amusing incidents and colorful characters such as the Bearfats, who keep a pet beaver under the floorboards of their village store (it gnawed the legs off a television set), and Grannie Chichoo, who loves to fly, and takes her animals with her until the bush pilot objects. But in addition to color and charm children like their hero kept in the center of the story, and demand some thread of plot. The story begins with Peter longing to go to the hospital to have his broken leg reset, but he never really gets there. As the author is writing another book about Peter, presumably the leg is attended to in that one. However, children around ten years old can't wait for a sequel: curiosities are impatient. Ages 8-12.

CLOWN DOG. *By Lavinia R. Davis. Illustrated by Paul Lantz. Doubleday.* 61 *pp.* $2.75. The setting that Paul Lantz has presented in the rich gold coloring of the fall is the Davis farm, the woods, and the Still River, all not far from my house, though the Connecticut town is called by another name. Lavinia Davis, who died before this book was published, was my friend and neighbor for twenty-five years, and the children all over the country will miss her storytelling. This is the tale of a boy, a dog, and a fawn, told in the warm and understanding tradition of family life that Lavinia's books established. Clown is a funny little poodle that will not learn to perform in the village children's circus. In spite of being laughed at by the boys, Clown makes his own special contribution, for he finds the fawn that provides an extra attraction at the circus. He also helps his master to make friends in a new situation. Ages 7-10.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 955

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 955 will be found in the next issue.

Z AYBXCWBF WTHBKP TL DCZX AYB HPX DCPO AYB ZLS Z DYGZO CPK ZHP.

ZBXCYK BOSOYDO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 954

In the last analysis ability is commonly found to consist mainly in a high degree of solemnity.

—AMBROSE BIERCE.

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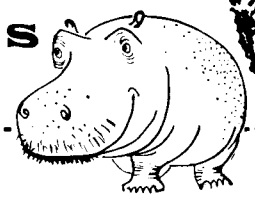

Veronica

written and illustrated by **Roger Duvoisin.** The escapades of a frolicsome hippopotamus who wants to be conspicuous. Ages 4-8. $2.95

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Fiction

Continued from page 29

"The Evening of the Good Samaritan" (Scribners, $4.95).

It is a long book and it needs to be, for it tells the story of three generations, and stretches in time from 1936 to 1961. There are a dozen central characters and a host of minor ones; they love and hate, betray and nourish each other in Chicago (called by another name, but easily identified), Paris, Vienna, Naples, Ireland, and New York. Reading it is almost as exhausting—and as interesting—as the experience of having lived through these last twenty-five years.

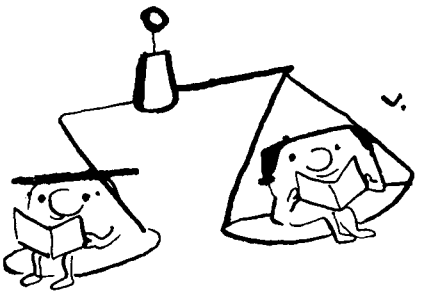
Life flows through it, generation to generation. In the beginning there are Walter Fitzgerald, cold and bitter, and his wife, Elizabeth, who knows how to love only too well. And there is their daughter, Martha, as a young girl, devout and passionate. There is young Marcus Hogan, beginning his dedicated life as a doctor, and his father, Jonathan, a radical and a pacifist.

Marcus and his father had what Martha, years later, called "cosmic charity." For wealthy Alexander Winthrop and for the heiress Sylvia Fields, charity was less cosmic and took the form of backing a liberal newspaper and, after the war, of establishing rehabilitation centers for wounded European children. In Nathan Reiss, who is a thread woven through all their lives, there is no charity—only the "potential for evil" and the actuality of evil. But all of them, and all the others who throng these pages, are enmeshed in the problem of relationship to each other, to society, to themselves, and to love.

Mrs. Davis, who is noted as a writer of particularly literate mystery stories, was born in Chicago and grew up in the Midwest. Midwesterners may be captivated by the puzzle of matching some of her fictional characters to real people, but whether or not they can do so doesn't really matter. Her book stands handsomely by itself, full of the joy and tragedy and livingness of life.

—Margaret Parton.

CANNIBALS, MANIACS, AND SADISTS: **"Hangman's Dozen"** (Roy, $2.95), a collection of thirteen short stories by David Alexander, who has received awards from The Mystery Writers of America and *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, presents a remarkable variety of intriguing situations and characters: a secret agent sniffing out trouble in Palestine prior to the birth of Christ, a church-going war hero turned killer, an avalanche-marooned novelist fearful of what he considers his wife's cannibalistic tendencies, a reformed drunk who tries to save a child from a sex maniac, and a refugee from justice who meets the spirits of John Wilkes Booth and Jesse James at "Murderers' Mesa."



As a longtime admirer of the well-told tale of suspense, mystery, and crime, I would like to be able to report enthusiastically on "Hangman's Dozen." Unfortunately, this is not possible. These stories have little to recommend them except their shock appeal and their superficial technical dexterity. In the working out of their dramatic situations there is little or no characterization, no meaning, no reality; instead we find a good deal of sensationalism, vulgarity, banality, and nonsense.

Characteristic is "Scarecrow," a tidy tale of a Martha Purdy who had been pushed into marriage with a man some twenty years her senior, Jeff Purdy. Purdy, a no-account rascal, takes his bride ("there wasn't a prettier girl in Jarrod County") to Rocky Farm, where he gives the poor girl an unmerited comeuppance, or series of them; half the time, we are told, she has black eyes and broken arms from Purdy's beatings, to say nothing of more subtle sadisms she suffers: "Martha [was] tied up to a post like an animal and old Purdy was blazing drunk and stripping the clothes right off her with a blacksnake whip." How Martha achieves her revenge, and how the sheriff of Clayville ("I walked out with her myself when I was a young buck") aids and abets the wretched woman . . . But why go on? Ugh.

—William Peden.

A MADCAP ON MAKASSANG: The pickup that a lot of drivers want in an automobile is just what a lot of readers want in a novel, and **"The White Rajah"** (Sloane, $4.95) gets away from a standing start at a rate of acceleration that makes readers hang onto the hard covers with both hands.

In paragraph one, Sir James Marriott has just been buried. In paragraph two, his sons are at each other's throats. By chapter two, one is disinherited and has learned he is a bastard. By chapters three and four he has gotten drunk and, by five, has lost his darling Lucinda.

This is the young madcap Richard, whose adventures we follow ten years later, around 1860, aboard his brigantine, *Lucinda D.*, and on the Far East island of Makassang, land of head hunters and cannibals, of golden pagodas, of tons of silver and jewels, where even the rajah's daughter wears nothing above her navel. With his old family retainer, John Keston, to backstop him, Richard fights off his treacherous second in command, Nick Garrett; the piratical Black Harris; the high priest Selang Aro, and conniving Colonel Kedah. They are obliging villains fictionally for, once disposed of, they bounce right back and the plot sweeps on for 100 pages more.

Nicholas Monsarrat slacks off here from the exalted standard he set in his novel "The Cruel Sea." The flash of kris, the zing of bullet, the flood of blood, the torture, the costuming, the kissing and the bedding are all routine. Despite the lovely Sunara, and despite the dizzy rate at which incident after incident clicks off in the speeding story, you never quite forget how incredible it all is.

—W. G. Rogers.

Late Victorian

By Byron Vazakas

THE baby princes in their high-chairs squawk
for change, and splash their spoons in bowls of
cereal. Though Grandma, in her majesty,
sits tight at Wind or, wearing weeds, both lawns
and beards are trimmed for Jubilee. Conscience
commands the Laureate. But hailstones storm
the Crystal Palace like a doubt, and make
the Queen and mother weep unreasonably.
Edward weighs anchor just to get away
from duty, as Imperial portieres
part Neo-Gothic right from wrong
with Albert cased in his Memorial.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ward on Miller's "Crucible"—Ebert's "Così"—Alva

NEITHER seventeenth-century New England nor pagan temptations are new to the musical stage of this country, but Robert Ward has made an absorbing blend of them in "The Crucible," second of this fall's Ford Foundation commissions to be introduced at the City Center. He is fortunate in a generally superior libretto by Bernard Stambler based on Arthur Miller's play of 1953. The character drawing and much of the language are Miller's, with some of the original excised to permit the introduction here and there of verses suitable to the musical milieu.

As a quid pro quo for Miller's characterizations, the composer must rise to the challenge of his point of view. This, in essence, is the trial of conscience within John Proctor—whether to confess to an involvement of which he is guiltless in order to save his life, or to sustain his innocence by accepting death on the gallows. This poses as difficult a resolution as a musical dramatist can face: to find a musical speech equal to a conflict that is inward and philosophical rather than outward and physical.

That Ward's resolution leaves the listener-viewer with some sense of exaltation, a reasonable amount of conviction that the spirit has conquered the body, is a tribute to the skill with which he builds the tale of witchcraft (more "fraud" than real), lechery, and love to its fated, unhappy outcome. The talents that went into his treatment of Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" (an April, 1959, production at City Center) are here under more consistent discipline, with a rising stride of purpose as the evening progresses. He has a real feeling for the divided but complementary functions of voices and orchestra. The former are used mainly for exposition of the text, mostly in a kind of melodic sing-song, with the orchestra a source of commentary and contrast. When appropriate, the vocal line flames into a strain of song not unrelated to the psalmody characteristic of the time and place. Or, as in the choral voices of the "bewitched" girls in the courtroom scene, an inverted image of it.

Sometimes his word setting is awkward for ready audibility, as in the opening scene where the daughter (Betty) of the Reverend Samuel Parris lies bewitched. A dozen characters come and go, some making an impact, some not, with a final aural involvement as Tituba, the slave girl, with her Barbados speech pattern, disclaims complicity. After a second viewing my strong feeling was that the whole of this could be measurably condensed (Miller, significantly, calls this opening act "An Overture"). Basically, the drama is related to the persons of the primary plot that follows: John Proctor, who has committed "lechery" with the malevolent Abigail Williams, who, in turn, hopes to separate him from his guileless wife Goody Proctor by involving them all in "witcheries." Once launched, this moves under its own power; speaks, sings, and acts with purpose.

It is, also, not until the first episode is out of the way that Ward begins to find a method of his own, free of the procedures of Benjamin Britten (especially "Grimes"), even Gershwin (Tituba's solo is oddly Porgyesque). However, as his motives accumulate and he begins to weave them into a texture of reminiscence and allusion, Ward is writing strongly, individually. Also worth while is the harmonic "tone" derived from the clerical influence on the secular life of the time, though he is not averse to a jostle of tonalities when it suits expressive purpose. In all, if the score does not fulfill all the implications of Miller's play (a task for a Verdi, perhaps) it does add a dimension both valid and distinctive.

A strong cast well directed by Allen Fletcher found its strongest impulse in the sizable Proctor of Chester Ludgin, a broad-shouldered baritone with a fine "long" voice. Frances Bible made an appealing figure of his wife, as Patricia Brooks did a menacing one of the scheming Abigail. Subordinate but nevertheless important were Norman Treigle's weighty Reverend Hale, Ken Neate's exemplary Judge Danforth, and the acidulous Parris of Norman Kelley. Maurice Stern was a striking Giles Corey as Eunice Alberts was a sonorous Rebecca Nurse, with Emerson Buckley's propulsive musical direction making up for some of the insufficiencies of Paul Sylbert's modest settings. Out of all came a totality whose audience response, for the second time in two tries, endorsed City Center judgment in its choice of a new score.

What might be called a "second generation" version of "Così fan tutte" resumed Metropolitan favor for this Mozart score with a cast almost wholly different from those that initiated its appeal. Also new to this theatre was the production supervision of Carl Ebert, with somewhat ambiguous results. For it is he, as long ago as 1935, who was elaborating a famously witty conception of "Così" in Glyndebourne and elsewhere, and who is now being accused in some quarters of building on the example of Alfred Lunt. Priority, certainly, is the other way around. Perhaps the day will come when Ebert can do a wholly new "Così" at the Metropolitan from curtain to curtain. This one had flashes of illumination, like a match struck in the dark, but consistency wasn't among its virtues.

This was partially a musical, partially a dramatic problem (they are never far apart in a proper "Così"). To begin with, the Fiordiligi of Teresa Stich-Randall (her debut role) and the Dorabella of Rosalind Elias (her first effort of the sort) did not have the blend of vocal texture wanted for these sisterly singers in thirds and sixths. Stich-Randall is, of course, a refined, musicianly singer, and her voice has sufficient body for the house: but it was often edgy in quality, and hard pressed for the extremities of range in "Come scoglio" and "Per pietà" (to quote the Italian orginals). Miss Elias can be a charming Dorabella with more "exposure," though her big aria ("Smanie implacabili"), too, was understated. The trio of ladies was completed by the most adept of them all Roberta Peters as Despina, a "veteran" who still looks like a debutante.

Of the males, Theodor Uppman had the most guile in a typically genial Guglielmo. His fellow conspirator was George Shirley, who made an unexpected debut in place of the ailing Charles Anthony. Attempting to sing Ferrando in such circumstances is like trying to learn to tightrope-walk by crossing Niagara Falls on a wire, but Shirley kept his balance, didn't misstep, and reached the other side safely. In his new assignment as Don Alfonso, Frank Guarrera had a wholly different set of problems from those he solved so successfully in his Guglielmo, and it is likely he will mature in the part (which is to say, grow older) as time strolls on. I could, and do, wish for more spirit, esprit, verve, and impulse than Joseph Rosenstock provided as conductor.

Curiously, another, practiced Ferrando was being heard a few blocks uptown during the same week as Luigi Alva made his debut here in a Judson Hall recital. The young Peruvian tenor (whose early training as well as this latest introduction was sponsored by the International Petroleum Corporation, for whom he once worked in Lima) deployed a voice of quality and appeal. His well-phrased performances of arias by Handel and Gluck, and a representative range of Mozart ("Don Giovanni" and "Così" arias) should give him celebrity status here as well as abroad before too long. Charles Wadsworth was an unusually alert accompanist.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Electronics as Music

BY FAUBION BOWERS

IN SPRING of this year, the distinguished universities of Princeton and Columbia combined forces to give the first major all-electronic music concert New York City, and America for that matter, had ever—up to then—heard. Five rows of the center balcony of Columbia's MacMillan Theatre were roped off to protect the "mixing panel," a huge keyboard of buttons, knobs, screws, and meters, with an adjoining tabletop for spinning discs of recorded tapes.

The respected and—more important for the cause of electronic music—respectable Jacques Barzun, Dean of Faculties and Provost of Columbia, spoke solemnly from behind a podium: "You must assume that previous means of musical expression are exhausted . . . worn out . . . nothing new to say . . . new language must be created. . . ." Then the houselights dimmed into blackness, the curtain rose darkly revealing three squat boxes onto which colored lights presently began to glow.

From the first number, "organized and controlled" bleats and blurps, whacks and thuds, screeches and screams, rips, whines, snaps, and a whole lot else issued, and occasionally blared, and were amplified by the nineteen additional loudspeakers installed at scattered intervals throughout the upstairs and downstairs of the hall. Each of the seven items was well applauded (several enthusiastically), and the seven composers themselves, looking, to my astonishment, quite like anybody's next-door neighbor, graciously acknowledged their individual curtain calls. The rare sprinkling of giggles and the sporadic walkouts were icily ignored.

As the 1,000-odd, by-invitation-only members of the audience began to file out at the end of the program, the lobby hummed with pros and cons. One middle-aged lady loudly stated, "It just made me sick; hit me right here," and she patted her well-dressed midriff. Another said, "All those spiders in the sky!" A lonely young collegian said rather palindromically to no one in particular that I could see, "Man, that's it; it's *that*, man."

I went home that night and thought, as I more and more often do, about electronic music and the particular passion I feel for it. The next morning, the *Herald Tribune* said something about "tragi-comedy," but the *Times* allowed that it "bids fair to be the important art form of the future." On the basis of this so-far gathered body of consensical remarks I decided that this new, wondrous, terrifying, fascinating, irritating, and soothing mode of musical expression is simply for the young and not the old.

Satisfied with the conclusion (and meanwhile caught by my nine-year-old son's interest in the "spooky sounds of men falling down the stairs"), I went to a leading record shop to buy the latest releases of electronic music.

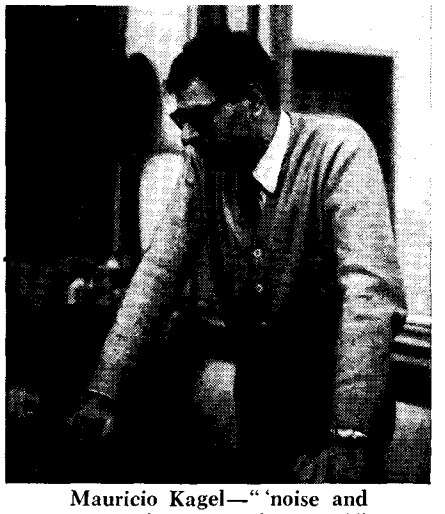
"We're sold out of everything like that," the attendant briskly but kindly informed me.

"Oh, it sells so well?"

"When we have a sale. Like hotcakes. Otherwise, so-so."

Armed with this further Gallup Poll information, I reflected that electronic music is probably for the poor and not the rich, in the way that jazz used to be, for instance. But then, what about the semi-electronic recital this same spring devoted to the works of the pioneer Edgar Varèse? There the chicness of the first-night-like audience contributed substantially to the sobriety of critical approval. Just now, I have halted these thoughts. I, for one, am neither young nor poor, not even chic, but I would nevertheless go to considerable trouble to get to the next electronic concert.

Electronic music, although it is less than fifteen years old as a *theory*, isn't so "new" as some of us, in our present amazement, would like to think. The man who invented the electric typewriter in the 1890s also peddled (unsuccessfully) a "telharmonium" that produced music telephonically. And well within the memory of our parents, there was Leon Theremin, whose little electrical box produced ethereal waves of sound like a superhuman voice, according to how close or far away you held your hand.



Mauricio Kagel—" 'noise and sound have equal rights.' "

Europe, up to now, leads in the electrification of musical sound. There are the Electro-Acoustic Institute in Switzerland, the Studio di Fonologia Musicale of Milan, Philips's Physics Laboratory in Holland, Oskar Sala's Studio Trautonium in Germany, and the Electronic Music Studio at Radio Cologne West Germany presided over by the youthful high priest Karlheinz Stockhausen. Even Japan has its disciples, led by Toshi Ichiyanagi. The work of all these is represented by a dozen recordings from major companies. But America is not far behind, now that the Princeton-Columbia group has settled into serious work.

Our stumbling block is reached where electronics are treated as part of the art of music *per se*. The basis for this reaction is, I suppose, that it forces on us a somewhat painful concept, that of *noise*. "Noise and sound have equal rights" (for "sound" read "music"), cries the Argentinian composer Mauricio Kagel, whose "Transicion II" is available on Time 58001; and he adds for our illumination, "The value 'zero' of the noise scale is sound." The introduction of noise—manipulated and arranged as selectively as the scoring of a romantic symphony, although the inception of the sound begins as an accident of knobs and twists—is what turns this avant garde music into "avant garde-avant garde" music. And here, not a few of us balk.

The musicians who traffic in these experiments are more than noise-makers. To begin with, they are composers who have studied the conventions at noteworthily orthodox institutions. Among the Americans they may be redheaded youngsters like the brilliant Charles Wuorinen or older men like Otto Luening, but all of them have moved logically according to their reasoning (they claim) from harmony through twelve-tone music into serialism (like Stravinsky) and out of it (unlike Stravinsky) into sheer percussion or noise and ultimately into electronics. "Everything before us," some of them like to say, "is as dead as C major." There is even a word in the electronicist's vocabulary, "white noise," for the blank sheet of paper, the unsketched totality of all so-far conceived sound material from which one is to draw, as required, and transform into new near-music.

These composers sometimes write for machines with perfect pitch, infinitesimally degreed dynamics, calculated ac-

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curacies of time and tempo. They set "just thirds" and "super-seconds" and speak of "perceptible pitch" and "fundamental noise figures." The result is faster than speed and higher (or lower) than pitch. But they also write for ordinary instruments, assuredly in an extraordinary manner. Right now, "mixed" music is the vogue: Capriccio for violin and two sound tracks by Henk Badings (recorded by Epic, BC 1118), "Differences" by Luciano Berio for five instruments against a multi-channel tape (Time S/8002), Wuorinen's superlative "Symphonia Sacra" where three male voices and five instruments include the electronic "participation" of four channels and nineteen loudspeakers to "program" the biblical floods, fires, and earthquakes of prehistory. In my most considered opinion, the supreme work in this "mixed" category, and possibly the swiftest introduction to electronic music at its best, is the deeply moving (and disturbing) opera, "Aniara: An Epic of Space Flight in 2038 AD," composed by the Swedish Karl-Birger Blomdahl and recorded in Vienna by the Stockholm Royal Opera, Werner Janssen conducting (Columbia M2S 902 [*SR*, July 29]). "Aniara" tells the story of a spaceship loaded with refugees from our now radioactive earth. They are headed for resettlement in a colony of cold tundra on Mars. Colliding with some asteroids, the ship loses its rudder and is forced to head uncontrollably and indefinitely into outermost space. At one point the earth, by now a far distant star, a blinding sun to the eyes, explodes, and the electronic music doubles the keen heartbreak both of the incident and the feelings of the galactic-bound passengers.

Percussion instruments were and are the pivotal point where the old music leaves off, our new music begins, and "noise" is agreed to. The readiness of a wider current public for noise can be seen from a glance at some of the "popular" titles of the Time record catalogue: "Percussion and guitars," "Like Bongos!" "Impact! Brass," "Pin-point Percussion," "Percussion on Stage." The composers of a more serious direction divide their time between their machines and their orchestras of tomtoms, tamtams, African tree drums, suspended Indian bells, hard and soft sticks, desiccated Cuban gourds, glockenspiels, marimbaphones, leather strips, human grunts, gasps, and groans. How far Stockhausen, for instance, goes with percussion as percussion can be heard in "Zyklus" (Time 58001), a stark, uncompromising work of feelingless virtuosity. But still, it does not end here.

From the beat of percussion in its brutal form (the first use of this in France was heralded as *"bruitisme,"* which combines the sense of noise with that of musical brutality), they absorbed the "noise of our times" without the pruning sweetness of old-fashioned musicality. Anyone who lives in a city will understand the noise of our times—and its emotions. Henk Badings in his "Evolutions" (Epic BC 1118), doubtless the easiest piece of music to gain converts to the electronic field, extracts unquestionable beauty and, more important, mood from a car honk.

Eventually, when the avant garde-avant garde musician runs out of sirens and sounding boards, and he finds that his tubas, bassoons, and trombones have to work too hard to approach the desired sounds of electronics, he may turn, more and more, to a new instrument, the machine. Perhaps the greatest achievement in this area, despite the several magnificent studios abroad, is the RCA Synthesizer housed at Princeton. It took two and a half years to build and is a conglomerate of oscillators, resonators, condensers, modifiers, filters, resistors, generators, as well as, of course, a volume control and a reject button.

Now, what comes out of all this? Advances that stretch the muscles of the mind, as well as selections of sound configurations that astound the ears and touch sensibilities heretofore dormant. Some selections specify sections to be taped on the spot and soon after superimposed in a counterpoint over the still-continuing piece of music. Such as Mauricio Kagel's "Transicion II." (Academically you can regard this as the classical recapitulation.) Or sound patterns will be presented to our ears in pyramid form instead of the linear ABAB C-and-out sonata formula. Other scores can begin anywhere and be stopped at any point; still others can be played backwards or front, as the interpreter wishes, either to head toward ambiguity or to progress out of it into fixed clarity. Such as Stockhausen's "Zeitmasse" (Tempo) (Columbia ML 5275). Over all is exactness: the composer designates the number of frequencies he wants instead of a hit-or-miss A or C-sharp which may be flat or variously tuned or even well-tempered, as has been true for centuries; rhythms are mathematically computed, dynamic changes marked, quaver durations precise, and the silences resound with an emptiness which not only punctuates but frames and spaces the tonal inner tension.

Electronic musicians are inclined to remind you that all new music, like new ideas, is at first unpalatable. They mention that Beethoven's latter-day, deaf music was vehemently bemoaned; Chopin was asked to play very softly and very fast to hurdle his dissonances and spare his audience; and Wagner's innocent "Tannhäuser" was once booed. And so, they say, it goes with their innovations. In time it will be as natural as, say, jet travel.

My guess is that they are right. The fact of their music is with us, whether we oppose or proclaim it. Electronic music is here to stay, for too many serious people are working on it, too many rockets are shrieking up into the skies, too many children are watching TV, too many people have stood at the corner of 42nd Street and 8th Avenue and listened to noonday traffic, heard an electronic recording and recognized the closeness in the sounds of our times. If something has to give, it probably won't be electronic music; it will have to be our sensitive attitudes toward the unfamiliar, our fear of being adrift in a sea of sound where we don't know how to feel, whether to cry or laugh or nod our heads in time to the beat, or even when the composition has ended so that we may applaud or boo and hiss.

It is unfortunate that connotations and clichés are already developing—outer space and electronic music are not necessary handmaidens to one another; and Gassmann's ballet "Electronics," esthetically speaking, is just about what Mendelssohn in an off-moment would have written if he had had a machine instead of fiddles and winds. And our concept of creativity has to be revised because of the "aleatory" element of electronics—chance and accident producing sounds before the composer has time to think a sound first and then force it himself.

Well, rich or poor, young or old, the fact stands. The noise of the world is soon in our concert halls—controlled and organized, if not always premeditated—and a new esthetic is evolving. All of it has the sound of this new music in it: electronic.

BADINGS, HENK: "Evolutions," "Capriccio." Epic BC 1118.
BERIO, LUCIANO: "Differences." Time S 8002.
BLOMDAHL, KARL-BIRGER: "Aniara." Columbia M2S 902.
GASSMANN, REMI: "Electronics." Westminster 14143.
KAGEL, MAURICIO: "Transicion II." Time 58001.
LUENING-USSACHEVSKY: "Poem in Cycles & Bells for Tape Recorder and Orchestra," "Suite from King Lear." CRI 112.
SALA, OSKAR: "Five Improvisations on Magnetic Tape." Westminster 14143.
STOCKHAUSEN, KARLHEINZ: "Zeitmasse." Columbia ML 5275. "Zyklus." Time 58001.
USSACHEVSKY, VLADIMIR: "Piece for Tape Recorder." CRI 112.
VARESE, EDGAR: "Poème Electronique." Columbia 6146.

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Recordings Report: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
Jaki Byard: "Here's Jaki." "Giant Steps," "Mellow Septet," "Cinco y Quatro," "Garnerin' a Bit," "Bess You Is My Woman," etc. Prestige/New Jazz 8256, $4.98.	Byard is a facile, eclectic pianist with a sense of humor and a respect for many jazz piano styles. This LP will sound unexpectedly thin and commercial to those who associate him with Don Ellis and the avant-garde. As your attention wanders, though, he is apt to hit you from behind with an original idea.
Ornette Coleman: "Free Jazz." Atlantic 1364, $4.98. Stereo, $5.98.	Virtually all jazz improvisers work with a predetermined series of chords supplied by the "tune" being played. Coleman's music is revolutionary in that it is not so based. There is no purposeful harmonic structure; harmonic intervals are almost entirely random. His previous recordings have been with a quartet, where this harmonic indeterminacy was no hurdle for listeners willing to come halfway. Here, however, he works with two trumpets, a bass clarinet, two basses, and two drummers in addition to his own alto, and the ensuing tangle is often pointless and impenetrable. "Free Jazz" is a thirty-eight-minute piece totally improvised except for brief sections that introduce each soloist in turn. Only the two bassists, Scott LaFaro and Charlie Haden, seem really capable of meeting Coleman on his own ground. The piece does contain some subtle and exciting rhythmic textures, and there is a ten-minute section by the bassists (one soloing while the other provides a bass line, then vice versa) which is haunting and unusual.
Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong: "Paris Blues." "Take the A Train," "Mood Indigo," "Autumnal Suite," "Nite," "Wild Man Moore," etc. United Artists UAL 4092, $4.98. Stereo, UAS 5092, $5.98.	Ten short sound-track pieces from the new film "Paris Blues." Ellington is still the master jazz composer and orchestrater, but not all this music shows it. "Battle Royal" and "Wild Man Moore," for instance, are noisy exercises in contrived excitement, with screaming brass. "Guitar Amour" is a fake Flamenco guitar solo. But "Mood Indigo" is given a fine mellow interpretation, this time voiced for trombone with reed and piano counterlines, and "Autumnal Suite," "Paris Blues," and "Nite" contain daring passages that make some of the avant-garde jazz composers sound as though they were still playing with slide rules. Armstrong is featured, unfortunately, on "Battle Royal" and "Wild Man Moore"; he has some trouble cutting through the din.
"The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie." "Manteca," "Cubana Be," "Cubana Bop," "Two Bass Hit," "52nd Street Theme," "Night in Tunisia," etc. RCA Victor LPM-2398, $3.98.	A reissue of important Gillespie recordings from the Forties. Eight are by the first and perhaps best of Gillespie's big bands, which emphasized complex, choppy arrangements, roaring energy, and Gillespie's fascination with Afro-Cuban rhythms. Tad Dameron and George Russell were among the arrangers. The other four tracks are from a session in 1946 by a septet including Milt Jackson, Al Haig, Don Byas, and Ray Brown. Haig (piano) and Byas (tenor), both rarely heard today, were two of the most gifted men in early modern jazz. Gillespie himself was then in his first glory as a soloist and radical innovator, and his playing is marvelous.
Dizzy Gillespie and J. J. Johnson: "Perceptions." Verve V-8411, $4.98. Stereo 68411, $5.98.	"Perceptions" is a six-movement concerto for trumpet and twenty-one-piece orchestra, all brass (trumpets, trombones, bass trombones, French horns, and tubas) except for two harps, a jazz rhythm section, and a symphony percussionist. Gillespie is the soloist. The piece was written especially for him by J. J. Johnson, whose conception of Gillespie's role does not always fit the general conception of Gillespie as a brilliant improviser. Most of the piece is somber, out of tempo, and modal in character (like Gil Evans, Johnson sometimes leans towards a Spanish tinge), and Gillespie's part is spare, often even dry. Johnson's scoring for brass is quite extraordinary. The piece depends heavily on his orchestral ingeniousness, rather than on comparable melodic or formal qualities. Gunther Schuller is the conductor.
The Jazztet and John Lewis. "Bel," "Milano," "Django," "New York 19," "2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West," "Odds Against Tomorrow." Argo LP 684, $4.98.	At last an album worthy of the Jazztet's potential—a potential often obscured in past recordings by a cliché-ridden rhythm section and formula arrangements. These pieces are reworkings by John Lewis of some of his familiar compositions. Only "Bel" is new. Lewis's writing is clear and sensible, and his occasional neo-baroque preciousness is nowhere to be heard. Trumpeter Art Farmer is the major soloist. As usual, his work is virtually faultless: delicate, lacy, and packed with lovely detail.
Thelonius Monk with John Coltrane. "Ruby My Dear," "Off Minor," "Trinkle Tinkle," "Nutty," "Epistrophy," "Functional." Jazzland JLP 46, $4.98. Stereo JLP 946S, $5.98.	The quartet that Monk brought into New York clubs during the latter half of 1957 was the most rewarding group he has ever led on a regular basis. It played demanding music singularly limited in color and dynamics, but full of intricate harmonic explorations. Three tracks here are by that quartet —Monk, Coltrane, Wilbur Ware, and Shadow Wilson. Two tracks, by a septet including Coltrane, Coleman Hawkins, Ray Copeland, and Art Blakey, are alternate and generally inferior take of pieces which appeared on an earlier Monk LP (Riverside RLP 242). "Functional" is a piano solo. All the compositions are Monk's, and all reflect his customary adventurous eccentricity.
Gerry Mulligan: "A Concert in Jazz." "All About Rosie," "Weep," "Chuggin'," "I Know, Don't Know How," "Summer's Over," "Israel." Verve V-8415, $4.98. Stereo 68415, $5.98.	An interesting but often sluggish and top-heavy album. "Israel" and "All About Rosie" were milestones in jazz composition some years ago; the composers, John Carisi and George Russell, rearranged them for this recording. My feelings about the new versions are mixed. "Weep" and "Chuggin' " are by a relative newcomer named Gary McFarland; both are deftly orchestrated and show more than promise. The remaining arrangements are by Mulligan and Bob Brookmeyer. The Concert Jazz Band is a thirteen-piece group which here puts more emphasis on composition than solo work. Except for McFarland's pieces, much of the writing is crowded and rhythmically stiff. Mulligan and Brookmeyer are the most frequent soloists.
Django Reinhardt: "Djangology." "Minor Swing," "Bricktop," "Lover Man," "Swing 42," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Menilmontant," etc. RCA Victor LPM-2319, $3.98.	Reinhardt is generally considered—with Charlie Christian—one of the two greatest jazz guitarists. His playing combined rare warmth and poignancy, accomplished technique, limitless melodic imagination, and, finally, a kind of exotic romanticism drawn from his gypsy heritage. This LP may be the best collection of his work on an American label. It was made in Rome in 1949 and 1950 with the violinist Stephane Grappelly and an Italian rhythm section that included a fine pianist named Gianni Safred.
"Things Ain't What They Used to Be." "Spring's Swing," "Phoenix," "Love Me or Leave Me," "I May Be Wrong," "Vic's Spot," "So Glad," "Cool Sunrise," etc. Prestige/Swingville 2024-5, $9.96. Stereo, $11.96.	Some fine surviving soloists of the swing era are here gathered in two different groups at two different recording sessions. One group includes trumpeter Jo Thomas, trombonist Vic Dickenson, tenor Buddy Tate, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and others; the second group is notable chiefly for the presence of tenor Coleman Hawkins and trumpeter Joe Newman. Both sessions were cheerfully informal and relaxed. There are inevitable dull spots, but the playing of the men mentioned here more than compensates for them. Dickenson and Tate are in particularly good form, at once powerful, humorous, and deeply moving. A two-LP set. —Mait Edey.

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"Otello" of Today (and Tomorrow)

CONSIDERING the magnitude of the challenge posed by Verdi's "Otello," the simultaneous appearance of two recordings on an equally high plane of excellence is a happening rarely matched in phonographic history. Only one thing could have profited us more than this abundance of riches: a single product combining the best of both worlds (Karajan's Vienna, Serafin's Rome)—a not wholly futile request as the sponsors (London OSA 1324, $17.98, monaural A 4352, $14.98; RCA Victor LDS 6155, $20.98, monaural LD 6155, $17.98) are not ordinary competitors, but partners to a pact that provides for interchange of artist services.

But in justice to the rival sponsors, the election of alternatives is by no means easy, even on an objective comparison of the dual outcome, side by side, act by act. Were Lewis Carroll phrasing the issue, he might describe Mario del Monaco as the Otello of yesterday and Jon Vickers as the Otello of tomorrow—adding, however, that neither is Otello today. Each, in its way, is an extraordinary accomplishment: del Monaco's for the amount and quality of voice which he can still summon for a recording after a long, debilitating absorption in the role, Vickers's for the amount of vocal command he manifests on his first try with a part he has never sung in public, and is not likely to so venture for several years at least.

In the end, however, two conclusions are clear: if it is definitely too soon for Vickers, it is not yet too late for del Monaco. I know of no other recording in which he has tried, at least, to get so much nuance and variety into his singing, and he makes a remarkable success of it for the most part. Either in solo scenes or in company with his partners (Renata Tebaldi as Desdemona, Aldo Protti as Iago), del Monaco gives considerably more credibility and edge to his characterization than Vickers. This is certainly as it should be, with a hundred-plus Otellos to his credit.

JUST as there can be no notable "Otello" without a strong projection of the title role, so the quality of the musical direction must be equally strong to control the balance of emphasis. At first thought, it would seem that the dominantly Italian cast (del Monaco, Tebaldi, Protti) would be more profitably combined with the Italian conductor (Serafin). But a certain tendency to the literal in Karajan's direction acts as a welcome offset to del Monaco's inclination to excess; and Vickers certainly profits from the special insights of Serafin. Even so, I find his pronunciation of the Italian text (especially the flat "e" sound he favors) disconcerting.

The ring of authenticity is even more pronounced in Tebaldi's Desdemona by comparison with Rysanek's. This is a part in which Tebaldi has long been supreme, and it is clear that she has gone to great pains to make every note and phrase yield a maximum of meaning. Grant Rysanek (as of this recording, in 1960) with a surer top than Tebaldi, and also grant that some of the freshness and bloom is off the latter's voice, but certain moments of characterization—the calm of her rejoinder to del Monaco's fury in the "Handkerchief" scene, her vocal demeanor in Act IV—make much more telling points than mere vocal abundance. Rysanek has rarely been as good a singer, live or recorded, as she is here, but she only occasionally suggests, by voice alone or in her use of it, the trusting nature of the sorely abused Desdemona as Tebaldi does.

For the best service to Verdi (and to Shakespeare) del Monaco and Tebaldi should have been paired with Tito Gobbi. His Iago is as much a classic of their decade, especially with the microphone at hand to minimize the need for a vocal volume he lacks, and to perpetuate the subtleties for which he is famous. Aldo Protti is a more poised, mature performer than in the previous Tebaldi-del Monaco "Otello" but he lacks the oil, the venom, the pure spirits of malevolence from which Gobbi distills the bitterness of his Iago.

VAN KARAJAN and Serafin are, of course, as diverse in their conducting inclinations as they are in nationality and musical background. But each has absorbed enough from the best examples of foreign skills to give ear-tingling impulse to the performance he directs. Thus, to his keen perception of instrumental detail and orchestral color, Karajan adds a feeling for the operatic vernacular that gives his singers all the latitude they merit. For his part, Serafin's inbred disposition to the theatrical atmosphere of "Otello" is coupled with a sufficient response to its orchestral clamor to give Verdi his instrumental as well as vocal due.

The two editions are in fortunate agreement on the number of record sides required for a full-length "Otello" (six) and they are also agreed that a "full-length" treatment should include the ballet music Verdi composed for the Paris production of 1894. The dance rhythms provide an interlude of gentle charm amid the prevailing violence that heightens the tide of the drama. London's recording procedure puts somewhat more emphasis on theatrical values than the RCA, but each is so well engineered in the respective styles that incidental differences do not materially affect the final decision. This would be—if any doubts remain—firmly in favor of London, on points perhaps, rather than by a knockout, but no less decisively. It should be added, however, that the "Soria Series" brochure for the RCA issue is of an artistic quality all its own.

—I.K.

Jon Vickers—"Otello of tomorrow."

Mario del Monaco—"remarkable success."

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Manuel de Falla's "La Atlantida"

WHEN I was in Madrid recently I heard the welcome news that Manuel de Falla's posthumous choral work "La Atlántida" would, at last, soon receive its first performance in Spain. The composer, when he died fifteen years ago (November 14, 1946) in Argentina, left the work unfinished, and music lovers were properly enthused when they heard that Ernesto Halffter, the maestro's disciple, had been commissioned to complete it. My interest in "La Atlántida" dates from the early summer of 1935 when I visited the composer at his home in the Alhambra, and he played on his piano many excerpts from the work. My memories of that visit are still very vivid. I had not seen him for some years, and in the interval his face had become more emaciated and ethereal, and I contrasted his present appearance with the vigorous Falla I had known in 1921-22 and later in 1928-30 in Granada, Madrid, and Paris—the creator of the "Ritual Fire Dance," "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," an impassioned intellectual at grips with a horde of Andalusian demons. Now his face was that of an ascetic monk, whose life was spent praying and meditating in his cell or gazing dreamily from his tiny *carmen* upon the glorious Vega of Granada spread out beneath him.

I was surprised to note with what deep interest he was studying the works of the little-known Norwegian composer Halvorsen, for the *Hardanger-fele,* the folk violin of the Scandinavians, strung with four stopped and four sympathetic strings. After speaking of Halvorsen he passed on to Grieg, for whose music he had genuine affection. He confided to me that when he was a boy in Cadiz Grieg was his favorite composer, and it was the music of the Norwegian that had decided his musical vocation. He admired Grieg for having been able to build his symphonic structure upon themes that were hardly distinguishable from folk music. The same can certainly be said of much of Falla's music, and just as Grieg's music evokes the soul of Norway, so does the music of Falla recapture the essence of the soul of Spain, not merely Andalusia. In his earlier works, such as "La Vida breve" and "El Amor brujo," Falla is Andalusian, but in the later works, "El Retablo de Maese Pedro" ("Master Peter's Puppet Show") and the Harpsichord Concerto, he has created music of all the Spains. The composer, as he played numbers from "La Atlántida" for me, explained in detail its scope. The work was based upon the epic poem by the celebrated Catalan poet, Jacinto Verdaguer, written in 1877. An old man tells the Genoese youth the story of Atlantis, the lost country sunk in the sea beyond the west coast of Spain. The Genoese youth then sees the vision of a New World rising before him. His name is Christopher Columbus, and, inspired by the words of the old man, he sets out in his three ships to discover the New World.

The theme of the engulfed continent, told once upon a time by Plato, had always been an obsession of Spaniards, Catalans, and Provençals. "La Atlántida," however (Falla told me), was closely connected with Majorca, "the Isle of Peace" as it was called by the ancients, where he hoped to work in peace, far away from the world, which had become hateful to his nature. He had gone to Majorca the previous year (1934) and had composed "The Ballad of Majorca" for unaccompanied choir as a tribute to Chopin (who had spent the tragic winter of 1838-39 in the

Falla and Massine, who choreographed "Three-Cornered Hat" at the Alhambra.

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Carthusian monastery of Valldemosa). He selected the words from a passage in Verdaguer's poem describing the lament of a young girl on the lonely Mediterranean shore. The setting, which he called at first "Canción Chopin" and later "Balada de Mallorca," was composed within the walls of the same Carthusian monastery. In it, he made use of the two contrasting themes of Chopin's second Ballade in F. The little work, which was the germ of "La Atlántida," was written for the Capella Classica de Mallorca, a select choir in Palma directed by the composer's friend, Father Juan Thomas. Thereafter, he continually urged Falla to give the first performance of "La Atlántida" in the Carthusian monastery of Valldemosa with decorations by the Catalan painter, José María Sert.

Destiny, alas, decreed otherwise. In 1936 came the holocaust of the Spanish Civil War and the murder of the composer's beloved friend and disciple, Federico García Lorca (in August of that year). Falla's many ailments brought him close to the grave. He rallied, however, and was at length able in 1939 to set out for Argentina, where he spent the seven remaining years of his life with his devoted sister Carmen at Alta Gracia in the hills near the town of Córdoba.

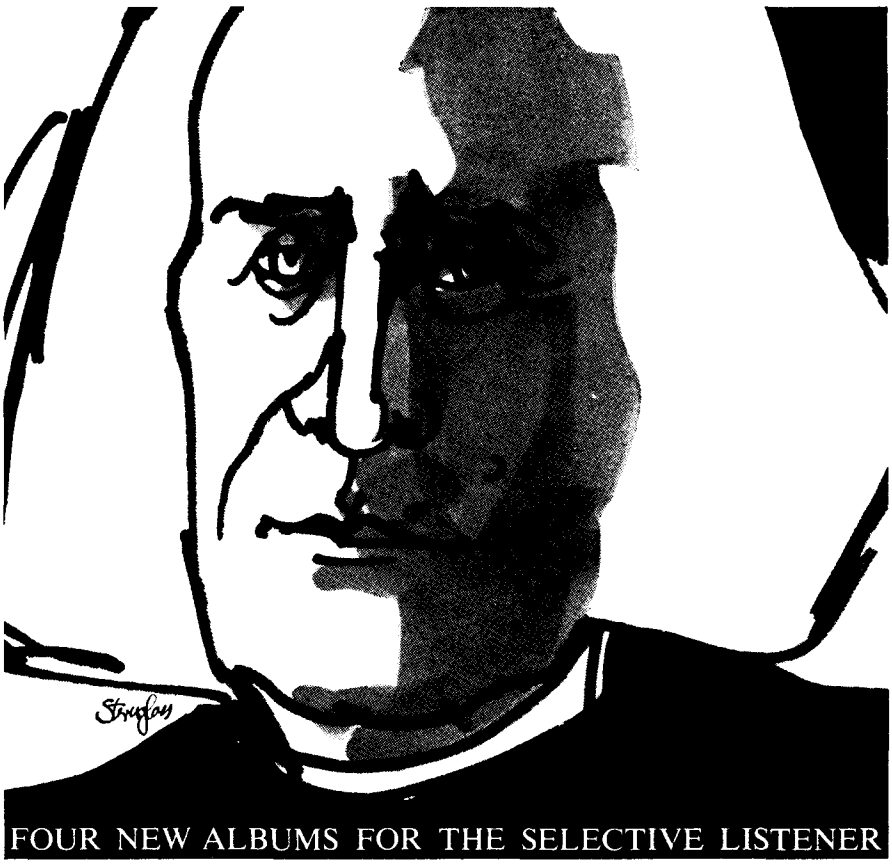
After his death his body was brought back to Spain and buried in Cadiz, his birthplace, and in the crypt of the cathedral the Capella Classica de Mallorca commemorated him in song.

Manuel de Falla arrived at just the right moment in modern music, for if "The Three-Cornered Hat" saved the musical reputation of the Diaghilev Ballet, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" showed that modern pianoforte music had still something new and thrilling to say, and was not all buffoonery and sarcasm. The music drama "Master Peter's Puppet Show," with its grave humor and its Castilian evocation of Spain's *romancero*, created afresh in the universe of music the immortal symbol, Don Quixote, and the Harpsichord Concerto evoked with its modernism the quintessence of the Hispano-Neapolitan Domenico Scarlatti. In "La Atlántida" Falla has painted on a larger canvas and produced a more universal work that sums up his mystical thoughts about Spain's destiny.

Although a lover of peace and solitude, he led an imaginative life of fierce intensity, and the spirits with whom he felt in closest affinity during those years when he was composing his final work were Saint John of the Cross, who had lived from 1586 to 1588 in a convent nearby, and the painter Zurbarán, whose ascetic ideals he tried to embody in his art. In spite of his constant austerity, Falla had been all through his life, like the saintly César Franck, the prey of Arab demons, *duendes*, or djinns, as the Belgian master called them. Neither the celestial influence of Saint John of the Cross nor the asceticism of Zurbarán sufficed to drive them away. The war our composer waged against these demons was relentless, for they were Spanish, and as old and bewitching in their temptations as the Arab Palace, the Alhambra, but that inner conflict gave to his music the dramatic quality that excites everyone who hears it.

It was fortunate that the master's favorite disciple, Ernesto Halffter, was commissioned to complete the score of "La Atlántida." It was fortunate, too, that after a wait of a quarter of a century, Spain has produced for the first performance of "La Atlántida" in the Liceo of Barcelona a singer of the excellence of its own Victoria de los Angeles. Participating with her under the direction of Eduardo Toldra will be baritone Raimundo Torres. Whatever the outcome, November 24, 1961 is assured a significant niche of its own in the annals of music.

—Walter Starkie.



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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN

NOVEMBER 11, 1961

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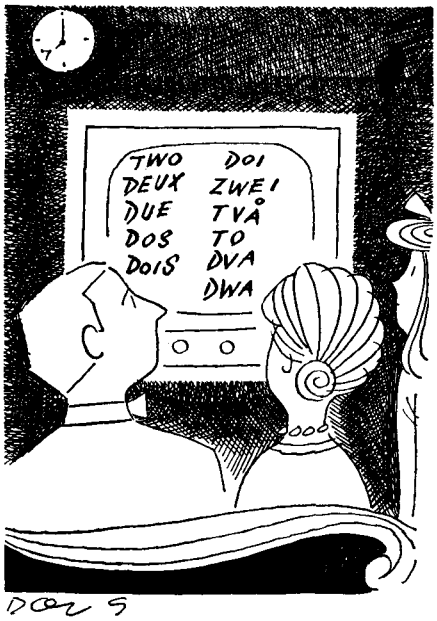

Immodest Proposals

NEWTON N. MINOW, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, has proposed that the tens of millions of children under twelve who look at television between five and seven o'clock each evening be given something besides mayhem, brutality, sex, and other overstimulation by America's networks. To accomplish this, Mr. Minow has suggested to the broadcasters that they soberly survey their awesome responsibilities to the new generation and, in the light of skyrocketing delinquency amongst the young, make a genuine and joint attempt at better programs, at least during the children's hour. So far as we know, little or nothing has happened since Mr. Minow's earthquake proposal, nor apparently does there appear to be any chance that something will happen in the immediate future to correct one of the most obvious causes of teenage and pre-teenage mischief. Mr. Minow's splendid overture needs all the support intelligent parents can devote to it and it brings to mind an idea we have been thinking about more or less continuously for the past few months, also perhaps an immodest proposal.

It has long been the fashion in the American press to devote the entire front page in each day's issue to news and to put advertising matter and the entertaining feature material inside. Perhaps it is not too rash a statement to say that this public-service-first policy of the U.S. press (practically unique in the English-speaking world, except for Canadian papers) has done as much to help educate the average American adult as any post-school source. F.P.A. used to point out that the average American male ("the average man is above average," he said) read little or nothing as an adult except nonfiction in newspapers and magazines, and that many became self-educated solely through the press.

The U.S. newspaper's front pages are still a powerful educative force, no doubt about it—that much more powerful because they are devoted entirely to news and public service. Many a newspaper publisher must have wished secretly during more than one cost-squeeze that he could do for a day or two each week what most European newspapers do every day—sell his precious front page, or at least a part of it, at the lucrative premium rates such prominence deserves. The *London Times*, perhaps the most famous newspaper in the world, sells every inch of its front page and never bats an eye. But virtually all U. S. publishers, no matter what the cost pressures, have so far resisted the temptation to dilute or damage a traditional public service.

The front page of today's newspaper is, however, no longer the primary post-school educative force in mass communication. First radio, now television, have taken up portions of the information burden newspapers and magazines once carried alone. Although facts never seem to be precisely verified somehow until one sees them on paper, most Americans now watch news on TV or listen to a radio newscast at least once every day. The communications impact of electronic newscasting in our country is beyond calculation. No sensible man would dare say how many millions of U. S. citizens know more about the world around them in 1961

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because of radio-TV news, childish and oversimplified as broadcasts often can be. What has happened, in a sense, is that the topical adult education of the average American is now split between the printed word and electronic communication; each has its place, and each its flaws and wonderments.

The next logical step, therefore, is to widen the scope of electronic education, especially in the prime evening hours. As the newspaper traditionally opens its entire front page to public service, so should television open its prime evening time to the public weal. With this in view, we suggest that all TV networks and independent stations, in cooperation with the Federal Communications Commission, devote the full hours of 6 to 8 p.m. or 7 to 9 p.m. each weekday night entirely to public service programs, television that will instruct and educate in the best American mass tradition. If all comply, no one's ratings will suffer during the experimental period.

These programs should include at least the following elements:

Headlines of the day in depth.
Documentary films.
Courses in a foreign language.
Discussion of history and politics.
Top-level reports from government.
Spot pickups from all over the world.
Reading aloud of the classics.
Concert and opera, live and taped.
Fundamentals of English, mathematics, etc.

Naturally, the FCC should agree to opening this nightly two-hour public service slot to sponsorship, as any current entertainment TV program is available to sponsors. It might take a bit of educating, but in prime time there oughtn't to be too long a wait for thoughtful advertisers and good ratings. The business of entertaining the American people could resume at 8 or 9 p.m. (87 per cent of waking-hour TV is reported to be "entertainment") and television might soon begin to move itself out of the vast wasteland every thinking citizen abhors. Radio already is doing just this, much of the time, though the programs are not always concentrated at and after the dinner hour. Nationwide television, whose franchise is given by the people (and can be removed or altered by them) could thus perform the greatest conceivable act of adult education and begin to assume that responsibility one expects of a grown-up. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

CASTRO, ROPER, AND THE *TIMES*

In your August 12 issue you published an article by Elmo Roper about the abortive deal to exchange American tractors for Cuban rebel prisoners held by Fidel Castro. Mr. Roper asserted that the handling of this story by the nation's press "was at least loose and misleading, if not actually irresponsible." He based this allegation in very large part on what he said was "a careful review" of articles that appeared in the New York *Times*.

It seems that Mr. Roper wasn't careful enough. His whole thesis rested on an Associated Press dispatch printed in an early edition of the New York *Times* for May 18, 1961. He overlooked a dispatch from the *Times*'s own correspondent in Havana, published in a later edition, which put quite a different light on the subject. This dispatch can be seen wherever back numbers of the New York *Times* are kept.

The New York *Times* had an opportunity some time ago to call attention to Mr. Roper's oversight but had no interest in entering into a controversy. But it appears now that Mr. Roper's article is being reprinted by other publications, and perhaps the record should be corrected even at this late date.

Clifton Daniel,
Assistant Managing Editor,
The New York *Times*.
New York, N.Y.

MR. ROPER REPLIES

Mr. Daniel is in error when he says that my whole thesis rests on an Associated Press dispatch printed in an early edition of the New York *Times* for May 18, 1961.

My thesis rests on the general reporting of the New York *Times* from that date to the conclusion of the tractor deal and is not, in my opinion, in any way substantially altered by reason of the fact that *one* late city edition of *one day's* New York *Times* did call attention to the fact that Castro had asked for "bulldozers."

I am perfectly willing to abide by the judgment of anyone who carefully read what the *Times* had to say from the beginning to the end of the whole sorry mess.

I do think it is only fair to say—and I did try to indicate this in my original article—that the New York *Times* was not the only offender in this situation but was, in fact, somewhat better than most.

Elmo Roper.
New York, N.Y.

WHAT A GOOD AD CAN DO

I am intrigued by the report by L. L. L. Golden of the coming public relations campaign by the American Association of Advertising Agencies to overcome the unfavorable image of advertising held by the nation's "thought leaders" [*SR*, Sept. 9]. From Mr. Golden's report I gather that the advertising industry, having determined why opinion leaders are antagonistic to advertising, is now planning a program to change these attitudes.

In spite of the fact that this program is heralded as containing "no gimmicks, no hocus-pocus, no magic or expectation of miracles," the approach outlined seems to signify no important departure from the long tradition of disrespect for the intelligence of consumers by the advertising industry. There is no mention, for example, that the industry intends to conduct any research designed to determine the validity of the unfavorable attitudes.

Although I do not work in the marketing field, I understand that there are no valid measures by which a firm can accurately gauge the return to its expenditures on advertising. It is small wonder, therefore, that claims regarding the social returns from advertising expenditures are subject to ridicule by intelligent laymen. . . .

Concern with the role of advertising in our society goes well beyond that of whether advertisers increasingly meet standards of good taste. Quite specifically I would like to call attention to the very tasteful, attractive advertisement by ITT in the September 9 issue of *SR*. A research program that would provide convincing justification, on social grounds, for the expenditure on the ITT advertisement would be much more effective in changing my attitude toward advertising than the low-pressure propaganda campaign outlined by Mr. Golden.

Vernon W. Ruttan, Professor,
Department of Agricultural Economics,
Purdue University.
Lafayette, Ind.

SOUL RESTORER

Even if I were expert in the use of "dung-tongue" superlatives I don't think I could express my thanks to Ralph Schoenstein for "This Is Our Goodest Hour" [*SR*, Oct. 14]. I was in one of my most baddest hours brooding over this very thing when I read his essay (what heresy—why isn't article good enough for me?). I laughed so loudly that passers-by on the street below were startled. He has indeed restored my soul and I can only hope to remain sane until I hear from him again.

Margaret George Wright.
New York, N.Y.

It pleases me to read, as I did in Mr. Schoenstein's article, "This Is Our Goodest Hour," about someone else's reaction to the dreadful morass into which the hucksters

(*Continued on page* 75)

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The New York Times Goes West

BY JOHN TEBBEL

SOMETIME in the autumn of 1962 the New York *Times* will begin to publish every day but Sunday in Los Angeles a simultaneous West Coast edition whose circulation area will extend east and south as far as Phoenix and Mexico City, north to Seattle and westward to Hawaii. It will be an event of major significance because, for the first time in the history of American journalism, a majority of the nation's citizens will be able to read a single edition of a newspaper at approximately the same time. In brief, the first real national newspaper will be born.

To be truly national, a newspaper must qualify in terms of content, as well as circulation. For years the content of the *Times*, with its unexampled coverage of foreign and domestic news, has been widely regarded as about as "national" as a newspaper can be and still retain its status as a local publication. Other newspapers now expanding their national circulations, notably the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, are specialized publications in their separate ways and not bona fide competitors.

In circulation, the *Times* has been a national newspaper for some time. It has a limited and late circulation in key cities from coast to coast, and a mail circulation (again late and limited) to most parts of the country. The giant obstacle, of course, for the *Times* and every other paper, has been distribution in a country with the vast dimensions of the United States. But now technology has caught up with this problem. The jet airplane and the invention of new electronic high-speed transmission methods have combined to make possible the virtually simultaneous publication of a single newspaper in several cities. The *Times* is not the first in this field, but it is by far the most powerful, and its advent as a true national newspaper is certain to have far-reaching implications for the newspaper business itself and for some national magazines.

Like other national institutions, the *Times* moves slowly and it has taken two years of careful, intense preparation to bring itself to the point of announcing, as it did last week in a characteristically concise statement, that it would move westward.

While many *Times* executives at various management levels have been involved in laying this foundation, a good share of the news planning and shaping has been the work of Assistant News Editor Lawrence G. Hauck, whose quarter-century of newspapering has included working on the *Detroit Free Press* and the Associated Press, and helping to manage the Washington news staff and United Nations bureau of the *Times* before he joined the paper's "bullpen," where a small, dedicated band of *Times* men decide nightly what news is going into the waiting columns, and how it is to be played.

Hauck and the other West Coast edition planners have had to confront two primary problems: manpower and cost. The manpower problem centers on the sometimes painful adjustment the powerful International Typographical Union is trying to make to a rapidly developing technological revolution in the printing industry. Automation has laid its cold mechanical hand on the graphic arts, as it has on other trades and crafts, but wisely the ITU has not wasted its energies in fighting the inevitable. Instead, it has attempted to adapt its members to the uses of the new technology.

It is the linotype operator, that key figure in the newspaper manufacturing process, who is eliminated by simultaneous publication. When the *Times* begins its West Coast operation, the news that will fill the columns of the new edition will be punched out by operators in New York on batteries of machines that look like oversized typewriters. These machines produce tapes whose perforations will be carried electronically across the United States by leased wire to other machines in the printing plant of Rodgers and McDonald in Los Angeles, where similar tapes will be produced to be fed into linotype machines, activating them to set "hot metal" type in the customary manner, after which compositors will make up pages according to column-by-column directions. Pressmen will then perform their usual work.

To replace the linotype operators who will not be needed in Los Angeles, the New York tape-punchers have to be good union men who must, however, be trained in the new skill. It is no overnight job, and all kinds of problems are involved. A veteran linotype operator cannot simply move from one machine to the other. The touch is different; the keyboard is not the same. He must learn over again, and acquire the necessary speed, just as he did perhaps thirty years ago or more, when he learned linotype operation. Nor is there any guarantee that every displaced linotyper can acquire equal competence.

These are complicated matters that had to be worked out in prolonged negotiations between unions and management, even before the operators could start on their training program, which may last a year or longer. That is the chief reason no one can expect to establish a national newspaper hastily.

Another reason lies in the second major problem—cost. The *Times* has had an expensive object lesson in this respect. It is no secret in the trade that the Paris edition of the *Times*, begun

ANOTHER INNOVATION in the newspaper business is imminent this week. The New York *Herald Tribune* will, beginning November 19, print its Sunday comic section in black-and-white, becoming perhaps the first major American newspaper to do so since colored Sunday comics began more than fifty years ago.

Those who saw this move as only another economy measure were reminded that the new *Herald Tribune* management has been trying to persuade news dealers to put the comics inside so that the exciting new Sunday front page would appear on the stand with the news section outside. Most dealers have been wrapping colored comic sections on the outside of Sunday newspapers for decades. The removal of color, the *Herald Tribune* hopes, will also remove the dealers' traditionalism.

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The New York Times.

last year, has suffered not so much from the competition of the Paris *Herald Tribune* as from the almost prohibitive cost of transmitting the news, a problem the *Herald Tribune* does not have, since it makes no attempt to reproduce the news content of its parent, the New York *Herald Tribune*. To do in Paris slightly more than half of what it plans to do in Los Angeles, the *Times* now needs three cable lines and two radio transmission units, leased at formidable cost.

A new high-speed transmission device, however, has emerged, and it promises to make single-line transmission possible for both Paris and Los Angeles, thus bringing the cost in each case down to a reasonable figure. Now in its final experimental stages, and affectionately known as "the pour machine" to *Times* men not electronically minded, this device transmits the tapes at dazzling speed and seems likely to overturn the whole business of news transmission in time.

There has been a great deal of curiosity about what the *Times* intends to transmit to the Coast, particularly on the part of other publishers, who will now have the world's most distinguished newspaper in their circulation backyards. While the *Times* has not yet disclosed full details, well-informed speculation reports that about 100 columns of news from the paper's normal load of 185 columns will be winnowed out every night for transmission to the Coast. This compares with the approximate 65 columns sent to Paris.

In making their selection, the New York editors will omit strictly local news, society, local sports, real estate, shipping news, obituaries, and other items of primarily New York interest. Local stories in the New York page-one makeup will be replaced on occasion for Los Angeles by stories of particular interest to the Coast which may be running on an inside page in the Eastern edition—a practice now carried out in similar fashion for Paris. For the remainder, readers will get most of the foreign and domestic news coverage, plus theatre and motion picture reviews; the editorial page, including columnists and those letters to the editor which come from national figures; book reviews; those sports which only the *Times* covers, such as chess, and important national tournaments or games played in New York; Arthur Daley, the paper's sports columnist; and business and financial news.

No attempt will be made to transmit the bulky Sunday edition, which *Times* legend says once killed a cow when dropped accidentally from an airplane, but on Mondays the West Coast *Times* will carry an abbreviated version of what is probably the best-read portion of the Sunday edition, the famed Section 4, Review of the Week. Four pages will be made up from the usual ten, with pages one and two, "News of the Week in Review," transmitted intact.

Of even more importance to its local competitors, the West Coast edition will carry national advertising and presumably local advertising as well, although perhaps not immediately. Thus the West Coast paper will emerge as something new in the business—a national newspaper operating both locally and regionally, with local advertising and carrying the cream of regional news skimmed off by the four men the *Times* already has in California, three in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco.

Once printed in Los Angeles, the paper will be carried by air to post offices up and down the Coast, and to Arizona, Mexico, Hawaii, and quite probably to other centers. In fact, from a technical standpoint, nothing stands in the way of eventually printing editions of the *Times* in the same manner at as many distributing points in the nation as may be desirable.

As it is, the sun will scarcely have an opportunity to set on the *Times*, but time differences, along with other problems, will require a masterful piece of coordination in the New York office to synchronize the operation of the two satellites with Forty-third Street terra firma. At present the New York staff for the Paris edition requires one editor and four copy editors; the West Coast edition may demand more copy editors and perhaps another editor because of the greater volume of news to be moved. In both cases, the editorial routine will be essentially the same, with the satellite staffs selecting from the list of stories going to the composing room what they will need for their editions. Copies of these stories will then be sent to the tape-punching machines for transmission, and the pages will be made up by an editor or editors.

What is likely to result from this massive effort? No one suggests that the West Coast newspapers or the national news magazines are seriously threatened, but on the other hand (as the *Times* itself would say), neither will they be able to ignore or minimize the rise of the *Times* to national status.

In Los Angeles, Norman Chandler's fat and conservative newspapers (*Times* in the morning, *Mirror-News* in the afternoon) are certainly not doomed to go out of business, what with nearly two million daily and Sunday combined circulation between them, but the Los Angeles *Times* has already appointed a new financial editor and stepped up its business coverage, as has the San Francisco *Chronicle*. These moves, which the papers themselves officially describe as normal improvements, were probably made not so much in anticipation of the West Coast edition as to meet the present competition of the *Wall Street Journal*, whose San Francisco edition, one of six simultaneous editions printed out of New York by tape, will soon be carried for printing to Los Angeles (actually, suburban Riverside) by facsimile transmission, a process with which the New York *Times* has been experimenting for many years as a potential means of home delivery.

Incidentally, repeated long-distance telephone calls to Mr. Chandler for comment on the New York *Times*'s invasion of its territory have been completely fruitless, and perhaps understandably so. The highly complicated issue of news franchises is undoubtedly involved, and just where the two *Times*es will clash or give way on encroachment of, say, Associated Press or United Press International territorial rights is something only time and legal action can solve. Some years ago, the United States Supreme Court ruled that the Associated Press couldn't continue certain exclusive traditions, such as single use of AP news in a given territory, but there are plenty of exceptions and it's certain that Mr. Chandler *et al.* will not take the Eastern invasion lying down.

Whatever the spur to the Los Angeles and San Francisco papers, the advent of the *Times* is certain to promote better newspaper making wherever it comes into competition with local publications, whether or not the competition is serious. National newspapers

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

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will not drive local papers out; they perform different functions. But in many cities where this competition will occur —and it will multiply as time goes on— a percentage of local newspaper readers (no one knows how high) is going to turn to a national paper for the coverage which is missing from so many community-centered dailies.

A more immediate result on the Coast is likely to be the dropping of the *Times*'s syndicated columnists, such as James B. Reston and C. L. Sulzberger, from newspapers that have been carrying them. Although nothing has been said on that point from either side, it is improbable that the *Times* would compete with itself. How much readership loss, if any, will result from this move is anybody's guess. The *Times*, which has a substantial list of Coast clients for its syndication, can hardly avoid losing some revenue.

The impact of a national New York *Times* on the news magazine field is more difficult to forecast. Naturally, the magazine people profess to be unworried by the prospective competition, but with the whole mass magazine industry fighting for its collective life these days, the possibility of further inroads into the national advertising dollar and circulation figures can scarcely be a welcome prospect. Some cynics are already saying that people who have never had the opportunity to read the *Times* every day will now discover precious little in the news magazines they have not read before, except publisher politicking. However that may be, there is no question that the hitherto separate functions of these magazines and the newspapers are going to be much less separate, as far as news itself is concerned.

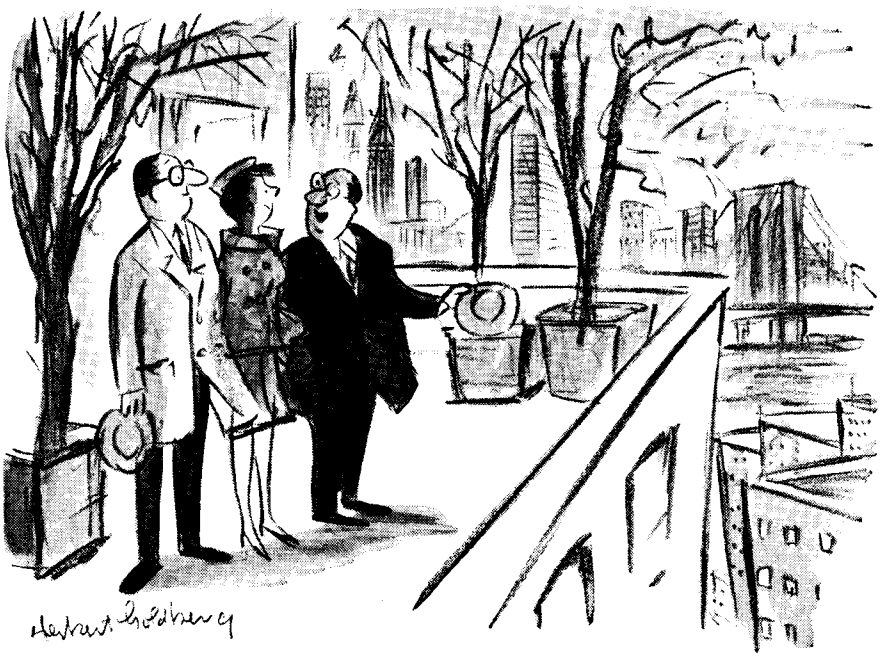
As far as the *Times* is concerned, it need not worry, for the moment at least, about competition from other newspapers in the national field. Although the *Wall Street Journal*, as noted, is now printed and distributed (outside of New York) from six cities (Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts; Dallas, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco) its field is confined to business and financial news, and it is further limited by an afternoon closing time that must always be tied to the closing of the markets. Its new weekend edition, probably to be called the *National Observer*, will carry general news as well, but as a weekly, presumably to be published on Friday night or Saturday, it will not be in direct competition with the *Times*.

The newest entry in the national field, *World*, published every Thursday in Washington and edited by Ralph de Toledano, formerly of *Newsweek*, seems not to be serious competition for anyone, on the basis of the first two issues. Because of de Toledano's affinity for right-wing causes, *World* was expected to be an ultra-conservative publication, but for now, at least, it appears to have little political direction and is only mildly conservative. The second edition, in fact, carries a nicely balanced pro and con debate on whether Red China should be seated in the U.N. In its news columns, where the *Newsweek* influence is strong, stories are labeled as to origin by the words "Government" or "People," a distinction some have found more confusing than helpful. *World*, "The Compact National Newspaper" (it comes folded to approximate newsmagazine size on the stand, but opens out to be a sixteen-page tabloid), seems to be directed more toward the small-town audience presently reached by *Grit*.

The *Christian Science Monitor*, published in Boston, has had a plant in Los Angeles for some time, and is also distributed nationally, but in spite of its distinguished foreign and Washington coverage, it has the built-in limitations imposed by its religious ownership, and it makes no effort to cover spot news as such. Recently the *Monitor* has been flying mats from its home plant in Boston to Los Angeles, thus giving it West Coast distribution within a few hours of the parent publication. This move has nearly doubled the *Monitor*'s circulation on the Coast, possibly a forecast of things to come for the *Times*.

The *Times* will need a circulation of about 100,000 to break even on its West Coast edition. Few observers doubt that this minimum figure will be attained without much difficulty. There has been a steady and persistent demand for the *Times* up and down the Coast. Scalper prices are often paid for the relatively few copies that now reach the West by air. The demand comes not only from transplanted Easterners, but from others who find West Coast journalism, by and large, less than satisfying. It may be that newspapers to succeed must be edited to satisfy local needs and interests, as most publishers contend, but there appears to be an increasing demand among readers everywhere for journalism that is not entirely devoted to the local and trivial. Sex and City Hall are getting tough competition from Berlin and Laos.

How large the demand is, nationally, for a paper like the New York *Times*, no one can be certain. Estimates vary from the negligible to the overoptimistic. In any case, the *Times* is gambling that the demand is substantial enough to guarantee success in at least one area. No matter what happens, the result should be salutary for the newspaper business.



"And you're only two minutes away from the city."

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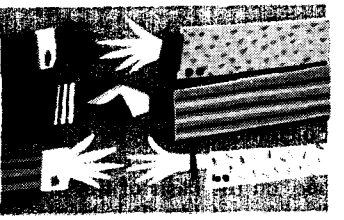
Public Relations



BY L. L. L. GOLDEN

THE RAPID growth of public relations has brought with it an upsurge in the number of educational institutions offering training in the techniques of the business.

The list is long. There is one school devoted entirely to the subject—Boston University's School of Public Relations and Communications, established in 1947. Five universities have public relations departments. Thirteen others offer a major in the field; thirty-six a sequence; seventeen give two or more courses; 104 offer a single course. And that looks like just a beginning.

Boston University's School of Public Relations and Communications has a Board of Visitors that includes some of the most experienced public relations men in the business: James A. Baubie, manager, Public Relations Services, Chrysler Corporation; Harold Brayman, Director, Public Relations Department, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company; John Hill, Chairman of the Board, Hill and Knowlton, Inc.; Fred L. Palmer, Partner, Earl Newsom and Company.

Some 1,100 public relations majors have received bachelor's degrees and about 100 students have received graduate degrees from Boston.

According to the Public Relations Society of America, of the American colleges and universities reporting courses of instruction in public relations, five have a PR department: Bethany College, Florida State University, the University of Mississippi, the University of Omaha, and Syracuse University.

The thirteen offering a major are: Bowling Green State University; Columbia University, School of General Studies; East Texas State College; the University of Maryland; the University of Nevada; Ohio State University; the University of Oklahoma; Pacific Union College; San Jose State College; Southern Missionary College; the University of Texas; Utica College of Syracuse University; Youngstown University.

How good is all this? What value are the graduates, or the course-takers, to the company, or college, or government department, or public relations firm, or nonprofit institution that hires them?

No one can tell yet. The same debate that has gone on for so long among newspapermen—how valuable are schools designed to teach the techniques of the trade?—goes on, but to a much lesser extent, in public relations.

Some public relations firms will not hire a man or woman who has not had several years of work in media. Some departments of large corporations like to take a likely youngster, fresh out of liberal arts course, and train him.

Time alone will tell whether the schools and colleges, the courses and lectures, graduate or undergraduate, will do much either for the individual practitioner or for those who hire him. The reason is quite obvious to anyone who has spent any length of time working in public relations. It is a business of judgment and skills. It is a business of maturity and youthful brashness. It is a business that demands a great deal of knowledge of people and on occasion the insensitivity of a draft horse. It is a business that requires long experience and an understanding of the democratic processes, the economic system, and the channels available for reaching the particular public to which the information is to be addressed.

There is so much misunderstanding, a good deal of it created by the slick operators in public relations, about what a public relations man can do for his employer or client, that another kind of education is needed—the education of the businessman or corporation head. He is the one who has to decide what kind of man his firm needs to head his public relations department. He is the one who has to decide on the kind of outside counsel his firm needs. And it is on his education that much of the future of his public relations depends.

Some chief executive officers of corporations have the luck, or unusual perception, to be able to tell the difference between the public relations practitioner who promises corporate black magic, and the one who knows there is no such thing. But most businessmen, coming from production, or law, or finance to the presidency of a corporation, have not concerned themselves in the earlier part of their careers with the purpose and function of public relations.

For that reason some of the graduate schools of business are moving into courses on public relations—not to teach their students to be practitioners, not to teach them to manage public relations departments, but to enable them to see what public relations is, the purpose and meaning of business communication, and its use as an arm of management.

The education of the businessman in the meaning of public relations must start somewhere. The graduate schools of business are an excellent place to begin. As graduate business schools continue to gain in stature, as the better ones have been doing, they will find that this is an area of education they will have to undertake if they are to give their graduates the well-rounded education they are anxious to provide.

"I'll bite. Who do I love more than anything in the world?"

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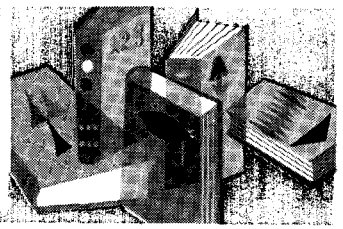
Books in Communications



Jung at Heart

By JAMES F. FIXX

ONE picture is worth 10,000 psychiatrists. Or so one gathers from reading "**Visual Persuasion: The Effect of Pictures on the Subconscious**" (McGraw-Hill, $13.50), latest glimpse into that corner of advertising where one man's dementia is another man's dividend. Written by adman Stephen Baker as a guidebook to prodding with pictures, it offers some interesting through-the-keyhole insights into why ads and television commercials look the way they do, and why the worst-looking are sometimes the best-selling.

The American people, as we need hardly be reminded, are insecure, unpopular, dandruffy, headachy, dyspeptic, and not a little smelly. Though such traits are calculated to plunge most of us into a gloom of self-criticism, they are the very stuff of which an adman's cheeriest dreams are made. For here are needs that cry for fulfilment—and who is better qualified for the job? "Visual Persuasion" is one expert's answer to how it can be done largely through pictures. As Baker writes, "There is no amount of advertising text that can carry the *conviction* of a photograph."

The anguished, head-clutching sufferers who flicker endlessly across the nation's TV screens are a relevant example. From time to time, Baker points out, advertising agencies have tried to sell aspirin and kindred nostrums by showing how people feel *after* taking them. But somehow it never seems to work. The way to sell the relief, it seems, is to portray the pain: "People with aches apparently like to look at others writhing in pain. . . . The more miserable the model looks in the advertisement, the more reassured the viewer is that his pains, too, are 'real.'"

In a brief cram course on the uses of sex, Baker warns advertisers that they must emphasize that "sex really isn't so bad after all"—a warning that already seems to be rather widely observed, both in advertising and out. As Baker himself points out, sex has "universal acceptance" among advertising men.

Much of the book is devoted to analyses of specific advertisements, based on motivational research, interviews, and Madison Avenue's varied arsenal of psychological tests. The author subjects some 1,000 illustrations to this kind of scrutiny. Analyzing Procter & Gamble's Mr. Clean symbol ("an instant hit among housewives"), he offers an explanation that should be enough to make any red-blooded husband play hooky from the office on washday: "The psychological reasons for his love affair with Mrs. America are revealing. . . . Mr. Clean is bursting with latent power. Facing her weekly wash load, a woman subconsciously longs for male help. Mr. Clean . . . is ready to assist, sympathetic to her needs. . . . While the husband is always gallivanting in the office ('He has it easy'), Mr. Clean is pinchhitting for him at home."

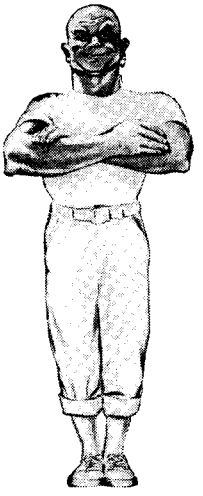
But not all ads are so psychologically cagey. Some, in fact, such as the current Volkswagen series, have made a technique out of lack of technique, relying not on gimmickry but on a refreshing and often amusing simplicity of statement. Others, equally lacking in apparent technique but actually contrived with artful cunning, are as jumbled as a grab bag, cannily implying that here is just the place for browsers and bargain-hunters.

"Visual Persuasion," while intended mainly for those in advertising, nevertheless can serve nicely as a primer for the layman who wants to tour the tangled psychological jungles of the hidden persuaders, especially if he has ever wondered about the workings of a Jung man's fancy.

RAKERS' PROGRESS: "There is filth on the floor, and it must be scraped up with a muckrake," President Theodore Roosevelt declared in a speech in 1906, thereby giving a name to that vast band of reformers who created one of American journalism's liveliest decades. Among the muckrakers who shocked readers with their magazine exposés of politics, the patent medicine industry, business monopolies, prisons, child labor, and vice were such writers as Lincoln Steffens, Edwin Markham, Mark Sullivan, Upton Sinclair, Ida M. Tarbell, and Ray Stannard Baker. Their era speaks for itself in "**The Muckrakers**" (Simon and Schuster, $7.50), an anthology edited by Arthur and Lila Weinberg. The introduction and notes are adequate, though generally undistinguished and peppered with as many clichés as the works of some of the muckrakers themselves. But what counts here, of course, is the chance to read the originals—and they are abundantly and intelligently represented.

—*Pictures from "Visual Persuasion."*

Pure and simple—Absence of technique can be a technique.



Mr. Clean—It's so nice to have a man around the house.

Sufferer on TV—To sell the relief, accentuate the pain.

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The Right of Privacy

By RITA HAUSER

WANDERING along Broadway, a free-lance photographer snapped a photo of a bedraggled, tired woman sitting before the glass window of a coffee shop, sipping her coffee with a dismal air. One month later, the somewhat revived matron gasped in horror as she saw her photo in the daily newspaper, bearing the caption "Tired of your old coffee? Change to Plunk for a vigorous pickup."

Somewhere else that day, a noted and distinguished writer rushed down to the publisher, waving a magazine. A trashy sex-and-travel story appeared in it, bearing his name as the author.

And at home, plunged in study, a well-known actress stopped to answer the telephone. "Yes, I do use Smile toothpaste," she said. She was soon conferring with her lawyer about a radio announcement which stated, "Sue Due, the world-famous actress, is sure Smile made her what she is."

Each of these victims of America's publicity mills would have, in most states at least, valid grounds for legal action. Each had suffered interference with what the law appropriately calls the right of privacy, a right that protects the general public from excesses perpetrated by the overzealous public relations or advertising man, the photographer and the reporter.

Despite its obvious importance, this right of privacy is, in the long history of the law, an infant protection. Until the turn of the century, it is fairly clear that in most American courts our three victims would probably not have been too successful, had they brought suit, in protecting themselves against these and other unfortunate tactics of publicists and reporters.

The development of the law of privacy, which guarantees what one judge has called the "right to be let alone," is often said to have come about largely because of one man's fury. The Boston socialite Samuel Warren became outraged at the depth of detail the local newspapers were printing about himself and his family in connection with the forthcoming marriage of his daughter. Warren felt, as so many of us often do, that there ought to be a law against it. He asked his former law partner, Louis Brandeis, who was later to become one of the great justices of the Supreme Court, to think about it. Brandeis did, and with the help of Warren turned out a challenging article which appeared in the *Harvard Law Review* in 1890. It laid the groundwork for the development of the law of privacy as we know it today.

The appearance of the article did not, of course, result in an immediate rush to the courts or an overwhelming recognition by judges that any such right did in fact exist. Indeed, when the question first reached New York's highest court, the Court of Appeals, in a case in which a company had, without permission, used the photo of a curvaceous woman to advertise flour—an advertisement bearing the poor-pun caption "The Flour of the Family"—the Court, in a 4-3 decision, ruled that the right of privacy did not exist. The outraged woman went home empty-handed.

A stream of critical articles and commentary followed this decision, reaching such proportions that the New York Legislature enacted a law in 1903 making it wrongful conduct and a misdemeanor to use the photo, portrait, or name of any person without his consent for "advertising purposes or for purposes of trade."

With the growth of the communications media and the development of the advertising and public relations industries, the protection of privacy and the "right to be let alone" soon became an acute, rather than an isolated social problem. The courts, in attempting to find a fair solution that would afford protection to the publicity-shy, turned to the Brandeis-Warren article. Slowly the courts of most states came to accept the doctrine and incorporated the right of privacy as part of the common law. Today this right is recognized in an overwhelming number of states.

HOW, briefly, does the right of privacy affect publicity and news gathering?

First of all, it prohibits any publicity that falsely attributes an opinion, a thought, a statement, or a writing to someone—such as the by-line given our author for a story he did not write. While protection against false statements may also be provided by the law of slander or libel, certain technical requirements, which are not always easy to fill, must be met in making out a good slander or libel case. The law of privacy, which has fewer technical niceties, will often assist in such a situation. A false attribution also results in using the photo of an individual for a situation with which the person has no reasonable contact. For example, using my photo to illustrate a story on female dope addicts would be wrongful since the public could reasonably assume the article in fact applies to me.

The law is interested in seeing that the public does not get a false picture and that the individual involved is not misjudged as a result of a false attribution. In effect, Faulkner's reputation need not suffer because a story written by someone else is attributed to him. The victim may, in certain instances, have the wrongful act stopped, and he may generally recover damages for any harm he has suffered.

BUT in order to gain protection, the false attribution must be serious, unreasonable, or objectionable by the average man's standards. An oversensitive person would not fare well if a newspaper story described him as having five children instead of the three he actually had. A New York court refused to help a girl who was described by the inquiring photographer as a cigarette girl, which she was not in fact. However, had she been described as a call girl, the result might well have been different.

Even where no false image is involved, the doctrine of privacy will also prohibit the public use of a photo, picture, name, or other identifying characteristic of any individual unless his prior consent has been obtained. But this use is wrongful only if the user gains some personal advantage from it, such as using a photo, however flattering, for advertising or commercial purposes. Thus, should I change my name to Marilyn Monroe, Marilyn would have no basis for a lawsuit. Were I an actress, however, and deliberately traded on that name, she would indeed have a good case. Similarly, should a company advertise Dumpy Down Girdles by means of an unauthorized photo of Marilyn in a sleek sheath dress, it would have invaded Marilyn's right of privacy.

And in an age where the intimate facts of one's life are often, against one's will, bared starkly to the public, the law of privacy may offer a very significant protection. A famous California case involved a former prostitute who had turned over a new leaf, married, and settled down to a very obscure and respectable life. Not too long after, a Hollywood producer made a film about this woman, revealing all. She won her case.

That this protection is not ironclad

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is shown by a most celebrated case, for the literary world in any event. It involved a *New Yorker* story about the child prodigy William Sidis, who had achieved fame in mathematics at the age of ten. An unexplained something happened to him as he reached late adolescence and he threw it all up, going to work as a streetcar ticket taker. The *New Yorker* sought him out and wrote the story. Sidis, who died not long after, sued, but the court, in a still disputed opinion, found there was nothing objectionable in revealing these facts; Sidis, it concluded, was not harmed by the revelation.

Not only must the victim be harmed by the exposure, but the facts exposed must be private and not public facts. Thus a newspaper is free to state that John Jones had six wives, since this is a matter of record. But were a jealous reporter to bribe a bank clerk and find out the contents of a businessman's bank box, revelation of this fact would be grounds for a lawsuit.

If the revelation of details of one's private life is protected by the law of privacy, how, then, do such magazines as *Confidential* or any standard movie or fan sheet stay in business?

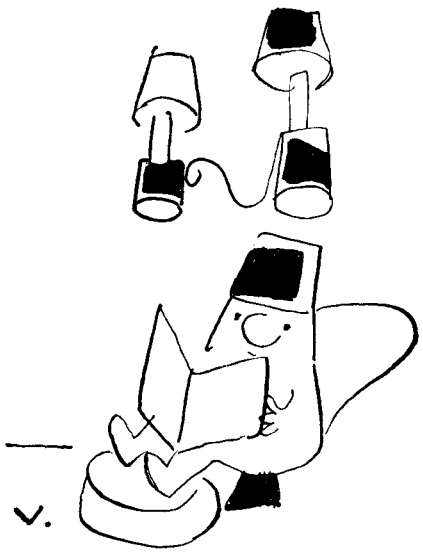
Perhaps because they enjoy the "inside story" as well as anyone else, judges have concluded that public figures, or "celebrities," are a group apart. Since they, after all, sought publicity in the first place, it seems hard to condemn those who facilitate them by means of the press and other media. Once a figure becomes, in the eyes of the law, a "celebrity," he is fair game for a wide area of publicity, although even here there are some limits. A movie star, for example, can justly sue for the reporting of purely private conversation, or descriptions of what he does at private places, such as a party at a friend's home, or the contents of private letters that an eager reporter may get hold of. The line between what is private and what is public is, of course, a vague one, and is often overstepped by many publications. The individual concerned frequently chooses not to enforce his rights to avoid even further distasteful publicity incident to the law suit.

Similarly, items that are news are broad exceptions to the law of privacy, even when details to the last degree are given about a rape, murder, or divorce. This news exception has been justly criticized, for it permits publicity about those who never sought it in the first place and who do indeed wish "to be let alone." Details of her life, loves, and unhappiness do not normally please a woman whose baby has just died in a bizarre accident, but such comments, extraneous to the event of the death itself, may well be permitted. The press is free to concern itself and its readers with nearly every aspect of an individual who, fortunately or unfortunately, is involved in what may justly be called a news event. And it is probably permissible for a newspaper or magazine, twenty years later when our woman may be involved in another news event, to recapitulate her earlier entry into the limelight. Some states, however, have recently passed laws to limit this news exception to the law of privacy by prohibiting any indication of the name or identity of a victim of a sex attack.

Because of the very broad scope given to the definitions of both "celebrity" and "news," few reporters or personal publicists are truly impeded by the law of privacy as it relates to the disclosure of private facts. Although the writer J. D. Salinger has insisted many times that he wishes "to be let alone," this did not prevent *Time* magazine from recently publishing a long and detailed story about his private life, for Salinger is a "celebrity" or public figure. It is my understanding, however, that the *New Yorker*, as a matter of good practice, will ordinarily not write a profile of anyone who does not wish to be publicized, no matter how celebrated a figure.

The law of privacy has its strongest application as it relates to the unauthorized use of a name, photo, or other identification, as well as any false attribution, for business purposes. Product publicists and advertising men are probably most active in this area, for their prime function is to get product notoriety and one chief technique long used is the endorsement. The courts have been uniformly strict in striking down any such unauthorized use for commercial purposes.

A wise maxim for anyone in the communications media would be: Never act without a signed waiver of all rights.



Letters

(*Continued from page* 68)

of Madison Avenue have dropped our once noble and most expressive language. The unfortunate thing about the prevalence of colloquialisms and generally bad English which are the product of the advertising field is that they reflect unfavorably on the nation as a whole. I have some idea of how the rest of the world regards the U.S., and I shudder to think how advertising or television, for example, must implement this attitude. It embarrasses me to consider those who come to the U.N. bringing their families to share in their experiences in our great country. Do they go home thinking our now-wealthy middle class is mostly illiterate as well as breezy, casual, and gum-cracking?

I'm sorry Mr. S. failed to mention the coffee which is made from "aged Columbians." I must confess I have never drunk any. Somehow the idea of finding a shrunken head instead of ground coffee beans inside the can is distasteful, and I have reached instead for the "heavenly coffee" on the grocer's shelf. (You can see what my ultimate aspirations are!) An additional consideration is the spelling of the name of this South American republic. I learned it as Colombia.

I wonder if Mr. S. has seen the new ad propounding the virtues of a syrup which is "richer pouring." Is there silver instead of sauce in the jar? How does one "pour richer"? The reason why I ask the latter is because I'm always eager to acquire more wherewithal to meet the rising cost of living. Believe me, if there are coins instead of "aged Columbians" in this new product, I'll buy it! I don't care if my nickels are sticky.

NATALIE B. STODDARD
Middleton, Mass.

ENDSVILLE, Man! I mean "This Is Our Goodest Hour," by Ralph Schoenstein, leaves that clean, cool aftertaste; makes you ask Mommy for more of that crunchy, crispy flavorite. . . .

RUTH MALONE.
Swarthmore, Pa.

COOLEY EXPANDING

THE PROBLEM which Thomas M. Cooley II treats so well in his article "A Law School Fights Graduate Illiteracy" [*SR*, Aug. 12] applies to scientists and engineers as well. We in the Geological Survey, who are faced with the responsibility of making results of scientific investigations available to the public, especially appreciate the need for better training in expression.

In order to emphasize the need for on-the-job training to our staff, we request your permission to reproduce Mr. Cooley's article. We contemplate mimeographing about 1,000 copies for internal distribution.

O. M. HACKETT,
Chief, Ground Water Branch,
U. S. Department of the Interior
Geological Survey.
Washington, D. C.

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BEST SELLER!

May Sarton

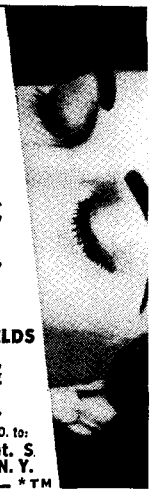
a "fine new novel"
–N.Y. Times

THE Small Room

"Flesh-and-blood people . . . The meaning of teaching becomes drama."
–N. Y. Herald Tribune

$3.95 • NORTON

Now Enjoy Restful SLEEP



SHUT OUT DISTURBING NOISES!
FLENTS* Anti-Noise EAR STOPPLES
Easy to use, comfortable. Recommended by doctors. Used by thousands for 35 years!
Trial box of 1 pr. 40¢ ppd.

SHUT OUT DISTURBING LIGHT!
FLENTS* LIGHT SHIELDS
Sleep soundly. Nap anytime, anywhere. Soft satin padding for snug fit and comfort.
Black sateen, $1.50 ppd.

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FLENTS PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Dept. S
103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
*TM

He taught Hitler his trade . . . and dragged all Europe along on "THE WILD ADVENTURE THAT WAS HIS LIFE."

by Laura Fermi

16 pages of illustrations. $5.95
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

HENRY MILLER, EXPATRIATE

By Annette Kar Baxter

A scholarly and energetic presentation of Miller as exile, non-conformist, and seer.

June, 1961 201 p. Paper $2.50

at your bookstore or
University of Pittsburgh Press
Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

Desegregation Will Work

(*Continued from page* 21)

also true that one can legislate conditions more conducive to morality. This point is nicely illustrated in the story of the recent game between the Texas and Oklahoma football teams, just desegregated. After a particularly rough play the quarterback of the Oklahoma team jumped up: "Say, Ref, did you see what their nigger did to our colored fellow?"

BUT the goal of desegregation, the guarantee of equal rights to all citizens, is going to be attained only after certain myths are dispelled in the minds of many Americans. Some of these pertain to the South, others to both South and North. One of the most popular is that time will take care of everything. Time will actually take care of nothing, for time is neutral. What men do with time is what counts, and in the deep South at least the extremists since 1954 have done far more with time than have the moderates.

Another popular myth is that there is a compromise position between the NAACP and the White Citizens Council. But if the former are for and the latter against federal law, where is the middle ground?

A third myth held by people lacking somewhat in understanding and compassion is reflected in their own words, "Let the Southerners solve their own problems." To be an active antisegregationist white in Alabama is tantamount to committing political, economic, and social suicide. (Not to be active is of course to commit moral suicide, which is precisely the hell of living in Alabama today.) Non-Southerners do not seem to realize how desperately antisegregationists, Negroes and whites alike, need federal intervention, need the pressure of world-wide opinion, need all types of outside support. "The position of white antisegregationists here," wrote a lady in Montgomery explaining their silence, "is comparable to that of anti-Communists in the Soviet Union." And a distinguished federal judge, a Southerner too, said to one of our group last spring, "Thank you for realizing we needed outside help."

But is this help really from the "outside"? One hundred years after the Civil War and after distinguishing herself in two world wars, is not the deep South very much part of the USA? If so, then Governors Patterson and Barnett and their segregationist crowd are clearly guilty of violating a *basic* tenet of our or any democracy, namely that consent of the governed means consent *to be governed*. Furthermore, it is ridiculous to assert that the North is interfering with the South when in actuality it is the South that is interfering with the nation. Given the world political situation in which we Americans find ourselves, it is no longer up to the Negro—if it ever was—to adapt himself to the pace of the white, but up to the white to adapt himself to the world as it is in 1961.

"Negroes don't want civil rights" is less of a myth, although those who say this generally exaggerate the number who don't and minimize the role of white intimidation. It is true, however, that Negroes in large number are apathetic. But again, what conclusion do we draw from this? To me no greater charge could be brought against segregation as a system than this very desire that it produces in men to remain second-class citizens. Will anyone argue that it is a good thing that human beings do not want to be fully human? Was it a good thing, for instance, that countless Russian serfs in the 1860s rejected the freedom offered them by Alexander II, or is it a good thing today that other Russians are prepared to settle for the semihuman conditions that are imposed on them by Premier Khrushchev?

HERE I think we are getting to the core of the problem, the recognition of how much must be done to counter the dehumanizing effects of segregation. From a strategic point of view—moral aspects for the moment aside—sit-ins, kneel-ins, wade-ins, and Freedom Rides must primarily be viewed as encouragement to the apathetic to think of themselves as being just as human as other human beings. To be sure, these demonstrations serve also to relieve the pressure of intimidation by drawing upon the community adverse publicity and by making the point in as yet unaffected communities that it could happen there. But it is the encouragement to the Negro that is of primary importance, an encouragement that of course includes present Northern leadership. It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of supporting this leadership, dedicated as it is to affirming civil rights through nonviolent means. For if this leadership cannot "produce the goods" then it is only a matter of time before the violent men in the Negro fringe groups move to the center and take over. Anyone with eyes to see should realize that if there are Southern moderates today their names are Martin Luther King and Ralph Abernathy.

Two further misunderstandings need to be cleared up. Standards as a rule do drop when schools are desegregated, but wherever desegregation provides

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the Negro incentive to study they quickly rise again. That the Negro is not inherently less intelligent than the white but only lacking his opportunities was proved rather conclusively by Army I.Q. scores in World War II in which Northern Negroes averaged higher than Southern whites.

Interracial marriage should be no problem to the religious person, for from the point of view of church or synagogue no such thing exists, all marriage being strictly interpersonal. Fears in this direction are unwarranted anyhow. As Dr. King himself has said, "We ask only to be the white man's brother, not his brother-in-law," and as the history of the North indicates, there will be little interracial marriage until such time as there are fewer objections to it. Both sides are too prejudiced today to fall in love very often. As to fears of what will happen outside of marriage, these are clearly projections of the white based on his own memory of what he has done to the Negro. But it can be easily demonstrated that far less of this sort of thing takes place where races live on a more equal footing.

WHILE in the South priority in the struggle for desegregation must be given the vote (the area in which the Negro has his greatest leverage with local authorities), in the North the greatest problems are in employment and housing. Whites can hardly appreciate the frustration and bitterness which racial barriers in these areas have produced in the minds and hearts of the Negroes, particularly the educated among them. Currently, for instance, there is at the Yale Law School a group of exceptionally gifted Negro students almost any of whom would be a credit to any law firm. Yet in the entire country no more than a handful of white firms would hire one with the idea of his ever becoming a junior partner. And if law firms are bad they are no worse than banks and business establishments, hospitals, and even many universities.

Equally shocking is the housing situation, bad for American Negroes all over, and so bad in New York for colored delegates to the U.N. that the Soviets in New York are actually seeking a new building in which to house them. In a world two-thirds colored, to practice segregation is really so treasonous that one wonders if the House Un-American Activities Committee should not investigate some of the self-styled patriots who practice it.

On the other hand, there is considerable ferment in the area of housing, resulting in promising legislation in several states. But while this legislation seems good, it is well to remember that

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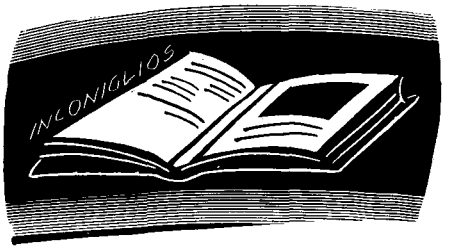
to legislate in this and related areas of social life is sometimes questionable and to prosecute is always difficult. This means the burden of responsibility for greater social justice in the North is primarily an individual one. For instance, no one—if he cares—should buy a house without inquiring first of the real estate agent if he would sell to Negroes. No one—if he cares—should stay at a motel without first inquiring if a Negro could also. No one should accept employment without at least knowing what the employer's policy is in matters of race. Where individuals have assumed this responsibility, as in Great Neck, Long Island, for example, startling progress has been made. This progress, I am sure, can and will continue if we as Americans will just be a little more realistic. By realistic I mean professing our ideals less and examining the facts more, and recognizing that our past at this point is not for but against us. I remember the realism of a



taxi driver who after listening to an account of a trip south last winter pulled the cab to the curb, turned, and said, "Listen Mac, what do you expect from a country that was founded in the blood of ten million Indians and developed in the sweat of forty million slaves?"

Finally, we must be more courageous. After passing sentence Judge Marx of the Montgomery County Court gave us some advice: "Boys, remember when in Rome do as the Romans do." I hope that we reject this advice. Group adjustment, the increasingly popular way we Americans solve our problems, is no solution here. "When in Rome, do as the Christians do, if you are a Christian." It is time for all who care about racial discrimination to speak out clearly and pay up personally.

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NORTHERN WESTCHESTER—Brewster, N.Y. vicinity. Penthouse type, 2 bedroom, new garden apartments, full porch, superb scenery. Complete utilities. $135—smaller units from $90. Old Route 6, Tilly Foster, N.Y. BRewster 9-6870. Brochure.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

IDEAL BUILDING SITE—5.46 wooded acres on hilltop near Carmel, N.Y., 55 miles from NYC. Fronts on virtually traffic-free road. Magnificent view. $3,500. Box V-525.

VACATIONS

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

NOTHING TO OFFER but gracious living at the beautiful Alabama Hotel in Winter Park, Florida. Spacious tropical park making out-of-doors living a delight. 1,500 feet private frontage on Lake Maitland. Every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Cultural, private club atmosphere. American Plan. $12 to $18. Open year round.

HATHAWAY LODGE, open all year. Foods and legal beverages. Skiers, hunters, winter vacationers. Write or phone: Tannersville 439, Haines Falls, N.Y.

PARADOX. Your vacation here will seem shorter . . . but you'll remember it longer ● Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Christmas! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PELICAN COVE, Florida Keys. In Sinu Pelicanensi inveniuntur et vita tranquilla in insula pulchra maritima et viri feminaeque jucundi et amabiles quorum amicitia vobis maxime placebit si hoc comprehendere protestis. (Vernacular next week.) Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

READY TO RELAX and enjoy Fall on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Open fires, snug beds, food aplenty. Brochure.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments. TV, Pool, Public beach. FREE Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

MEXICO has its Caribbean island, too. It's Cozumel. And on Cozumel Island it's the . . . Cabanas del Caribe, Cozumel, Quintana Roo, Mexico.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write THE FIELDS for literature about their delightful COLONY BEACH RESORT, on Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

TIKI—Your tropic island home on Sanibel Island, Florida. Rent new, furnished cottage or apartment. Private Gulf Beach. Brochure. Mayfair 1-3252, L.I., Box V-279.

ENGLAND, COTSWOLDS. Ancient stone wool barn converted to charming 6 room cottage. Fully furnished, suitable for family. Near Stratford, Oxford. Available May 1st to June 25th; July 2nd-9th; and after August 21st. Box V-546.

HEALTHFULLY RETURN AGAIN to vibrant youth—slim and chic—at the Green Springs Spa, village of Green Springs, Ohio.

ISLAND VACATION PARADISE. SANIBEL ISLAND in the warm Gulf of Mexico. Only 3 miles off Florida sun coast by car ferry. One of the world's finest sea shell beaches. Wonderful fishing, free boats, swimming pools, T.V., restaurant. Air-conditioned motel rooms $51.00 week for 2. Waterfront cottages with kitchens from $85.00 per week, 4 persons. Also kitchenette apartments. For Brochure, The Castaways, Sanibel Isle, Florida.

TRAVEL

WHEN YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, the greatest vacation city in the world, stay at Beekman Tower Hotel and make the most of it! Magnificent views . . . delightful accommodations . . . wonderful location. Best of all, you can afford it! Enjoy cocktails in the famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky!) and dinner in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath as low as $6.75. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street, at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

EUROPE, 1962 Summer Tours: 34 to 62 days in Europe. 11 to 18 countries, $1,064 to $1,495. For complete information, write directly: Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

"THE CITY BUILT ON GOLD" is Johannesburg, South Africa, whose ultra-modern hotels and smart night clubs are only a pleasant drive away from the amazing wild game reserve of Kruger Park. Your South African holiday will be filled with equally delightful contrasts. Write for free planning literature: SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES—Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast—$175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, P.O. Box 1051-SR, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

YOUR VILLA or apartment in Europe has been inspected, photographed, reserved for you by AT HOME ABROAD, INC. travel-rental service. Ideal, relaxed vacation abroad, parents and children, second trippers. Appointment only. 300 Central Park West, NYC, TRafalgar 4-4883.

TENTH YEAR OF OPERATION. They evidently loved it! Loved what? Why, the CROW'S NEST TRIP through Europe by private car in 1961. What's on for '62? Write Donald R. Hart, Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, 242 Trumbull Street, Hartford 3, Connecticut. Phone CHapel 6-7221.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOLY LAND—7 countries—17 days—$995. Also summer tours of Europe, South America, South Pacific, Around the World, and U.S.S.R. Write Prof. J. R. Tarbell, 186 West Lafayette Avenue, Syracuse 5, N.Y.

NOW IS A FINE TIME to visit New York City. If you don't insist on running with the herd, you can pay for your trip with the savings you gain on your Christmas shopping provided you stay at the economical Hotel Paris and use our brand-new "Shopping Guide." All our rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

ROUND THE WORLD BY SHIP—On the fabulous "Canberra"—sailing February 12th, 1962 from San Francisco to London via Australia and India. Fares from $1,700 first-class. Write: Selden Menefee, Sacramento World Affairs Council, 1107 21st Street, Sacramento 14, California.

STAY IN DELIGHTFUL country home, visiting places renowned in history with Mrs. Farrant, Menthownick, near Falmouth, Cornwall, England.

IBERIAN SUNSHINE, PORTUGAL, SPAIN, MAJORCA: 17 days, with week in Majorca. Departures December 15th, January 19th, February 16th, March 9th. Complete cost air New York and return $535. DITTMANN TOURS, Northfield, Minnesota.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

TRIPS TO ISRAEL, Greece and everywhere. Call or write: Israel Express, Inc., 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC. CIrcle 7-3783.

WELL-KNOWN travel author John C. Caldwell's 24 day escorted tour of South America departing Miami, January 8th. $1,390 all expenses including air fare. Tour features the best of Colombia, Peru, Chile, Brazil, Argentina. Hotels, meals, sightseeing on de-luxe basis—informal lecture-discussion on history, political developments for richer understanding. International Travel Guides, 2000-G Warfield Drive, Nashville, Tennessee.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1442

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

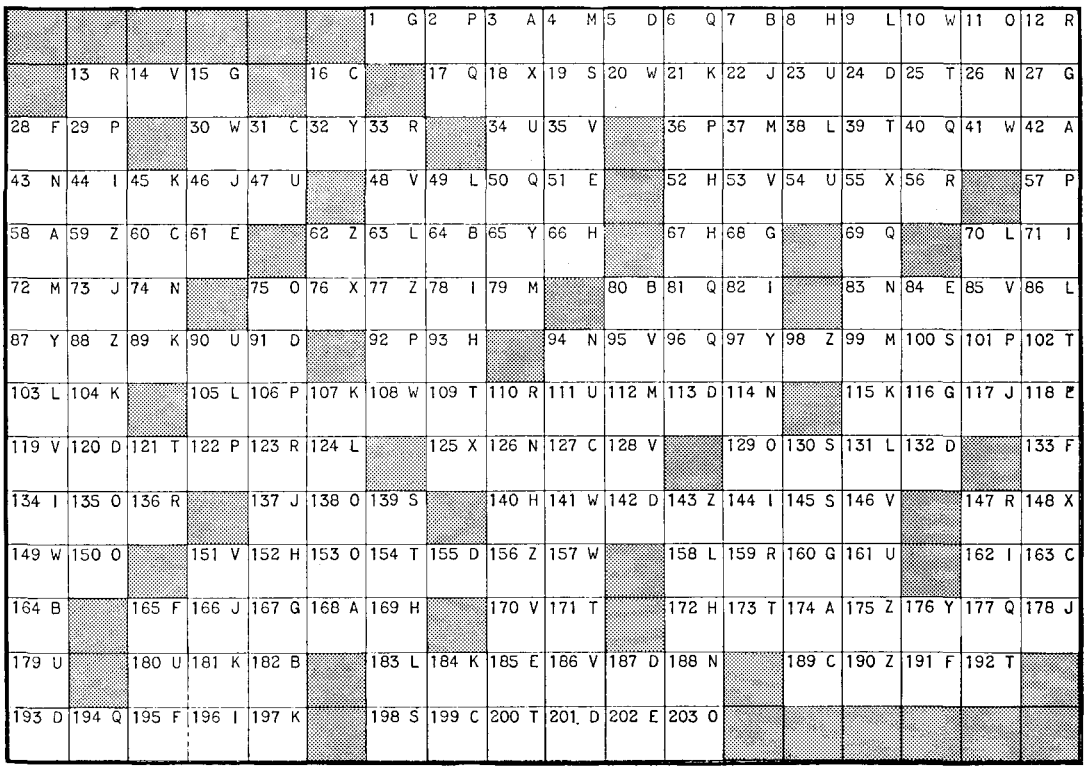
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Flat-floored fishing boat used on the North Sea.	3 174 42 168 58
B. To gape.	80 64 7 182 164
C. Amer. concert pianist and composer, early 20th cent.; best-known compositions written for motion pictures ("Ballet Mécanique", etc.).	16 127 189 163 60 31 199
D. Evidencing a change of mind or heart, esp. back to former sanity.	187 5 91 24 142 155 120 201 132 113 193
E. Father of the Reformation in Germany, who married a former nun.	118 84 51 185 202 61
F. Spirit which actuates manners and customs of a people.	195 133 165 191 28
G. In grammar, a word of uncompounded form.	15 27 1 68 167 160 116
H. Metal ringlike fastenings of special restraining use.	140 152 8 66 52 67 93 172 169
I. Joyous, hilarious.	82 196 71 162 134 144 78 44
J. Back part of the head.	137 178 22 166 117 73 46
K. Somewhat unusual word for rehabilitate, restore.	197 21 89 184 45 104 181 107 115
L. One of England's most famous painters (18th cent.).	70 38 105 103 124 86 158 131 183 63 9 49
M. Greek combining form, esp. as prefix, pertaining to joints.	112 99 79 4 37 72

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. One who bestows patronage by reason of relationship chiefly.	26 126 74 83 114 43 188 94
O. Same as Word H.	129 135 138 75 153 11 150 203
P. Moving (2 wds.).	2 57 101 122 29 36 92 106
Q. Early French explorer whom we asso. with N.Y. State but who visited the West Indies, Panama, etc.	40 194 69 96 17 6 50 81 177
R. Describing tapestries, etc., made without help from a machine (comp.).	33 147 123 56 13 12 159 110 136
S. Girl in mythology for whom one of the great land areas was named.	139 145 19 130 198 100
T. Such a fictional popular pair as Mike and Ike (not in WNI; comp.).	173 171 25 192 200 109 121 154 102 39
U. Amer. railway executive who directed U.S. military railways in France during World War I (1866-1935).	34 90 23 179 111 180 54 161 47
V. Queenroot, common in S. U.S. (2 wds.).	35 186 128 48 146 95 151 53 170 14 85 119
W. Courteous appellation of 17th-18th cent. colonial Amer., equivalent to "Mrs."	157 108 141 149 30 41 20 10
X. The Arabic Azazel after his fall.	18 76 55 148 125
Y. Surcease.	65 176 32 87 97
Z. Domineered.	190 59 143 88 62 77 175 156 98

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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Whitby Abbey in Yorkshire. The Celtic Church settled its date for Easter here in 664 A.D.

How to catch Spring fever in Britain—for $100 a week

COME EARLY. Britain's Spring does. The daffodils bloom in February. Heavy overcoats start to come off. Soon, all that will be left of Winter will be the low off-season prices.

Activities abound. Steeplechasing is in full swing in February. There's the Oxford and Cambridge boat race on the Thames in March. In April comes the gentle rivalry of cricket on countless village greens. Stratford reverberates with the Shakespeare Season of Plays. And the Tulip Festival in Lincolnshire is *spectacular*.

Now sample these prices. You can rent a car for $50 a week, gas included. You pay about $3.75 a night for bed and hearty breakfast in charming country inns. A pub lunch will cost you $1.00—a half-pint of ale, only nine cents more. The average price for dinner in a country inn is $1.60.

Tear out this page and save it. Look at it again when others are gloomily shovelling snow. Then see your travel agent. He'll know where Spring has gone. To Britain.

For free illustrated booklet, "Britain's Pageant of Spring," see your travel agent or write Box 140, British Travel Association.
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